

JOHN BULL

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1907.

ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number
see page 1.



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. III. No. 65.

Saturday, August 31st, 1907.

One Penny.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS. at present.

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Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for the Selection of ten Readers to Devote One Week of their Spare Time to Pushing the Sale of "John Bull" in return for a Five Pound Note.

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his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

In addition to the £5, Messrs. Curson Bros., the well known tailors, of 60 and 62, City Road, have promised to present to every holder one of their suits to measure, absolutely free of charge; or, in the case of a lady reader, a macintosh cloak or rain-proof coat of similar value.

For trade reasons, it is necessary that there should be an interval of a few weeks between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the numbers.

No claims having come to hand in respect of our issue of July 20th, we repeat the ten numbers:—

55,445	43,419
74,891	11,987
98,436	30,710
42,551	84,983
68,905	1,152

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF JULY 27TH:—

196,869	201,290
158,773	236,375
211,640	159,921
232,503	178,587
146,114	224,386

We shall be glad to hear from any readers possessing any of the above numbers.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF AUGUST 3RD.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 5TH (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 3RD).

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

Will any reader holding a successful number, and who does not desire to claim the £5, bear in mind that it is competent for him to transfer it to any deserving person known to him, and who would be willing to devote his spare time for one week to furthering our sales?

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

(The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.)

General Botha has made a bad blunder over the Cullinan diamond. At the time that tremendous flash-light was found, and exhibited in England, the suggestion was made that it should be presented to King Edward as "the brightest jewel in his crown." Whether that suggestion came from the Premier Mine, or was fostered by its directors, we do not know. At any rate, the British taxpayer was not enthusiastic on the subject, and the proposal dropped. Since then the directors of the Premier Mine have been, we will not say hawking that diamond round the globe, but, at all events, making strenuous efforts to sell it in one lump without success. It has remained for General Botha to renew the proposal to present the jewel to the King—this time, however, at the expense of the Transvaal, which has not yet recovered from the bloody grip of war. General Botha's motive is, of course, on the surface. He desires to give evidence of his loyalty, and to make the present in recognition of the grant of self-government which has been made to the Boer people. But a cheaper and more effective method of proving his loyalty and gratitude and affection to the King might have been found, and though the motion has been carried in the Transvaal Legislative Assembly, the whole business represents a wild waste of public money, at a time when the Transvaal can ill afford it.

The diamond is valued at £150,000. At the time the motion was passed, however, no mention was made of the price to be paid for it, and General Botha's majority appears to have voted blind. What will the King do with the diamond when he gets it? As it is about the size of a brick, he cannot mount it in a scarf-pin or a ring, and, so far as we know, there is no more solid satisfaction in keeping a diamond locked up in a steel safe than there is in keeping a lump of coal or a bundle of firewood in the same place. Deposited with, say, the Rothschilds, no doubt a great deal of ready-money could be raised on it from time to time; but unless his Majesty makes some use of it in this direction, we fail to see that it will be of any more good to him than an illuminated address in a gold frame signed by General Botha and half a million other loyal and devoted subjects. Of course, he might get rid of the diamond by chipping bits off and giving them to his friends; but, somehow, we do not think this will happen. On the whole, it looks as if General Botha had set the King a problem, and if his Majesty be at all worried about the solution, we shall be glad to whisper in his august ear our deepest and profoundest thoughts on the matter.

While we are on the subject of giving things away free gratis and for nothing, we may as well note that the Hon. Nan Herbert, sister of Lord Lucas, has given her estate in the New Forest to Mrs. Kitty Tingley, for the foundation of a Theosophist School. With all respect, this lady would have done a vast deal more good with the money if she had given her estate for the foundation of an up-to-date lunatic asylum, the multiplication of institutions of this sort being one of the crying needs of the age. The Mahatmic cult is dead in England—as dead as Queen Anne, as dead as Adam, as dead as a door-nail. If Mrs. Besant could not save it, we are sure that Kitty Tingley cannot. The cup-and-saucer phenomenon of Simla and the projected Mahatmic missives of London are played out. Not even the purple lotus lily can revive them. The old yarns which Theosophists used to spin as to the earthly whereabouts of the Mahatmas or Wise Men will serve no more. The Mahatmas, Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant used to explain, were up in the fastnesses of Tibet. But now Tommy Atkins and newspaper correspondents have

marched right up to the palace of the Grand Lhama at the sacred city without finding a single Mahatma even wise enough to wash his face or comb his whiskers the myth and legend are gone for ever. However, we suppose that Kitty Tingley will always help us over the silly season, and we hope she will do well. She will find that here, as elsewhere, nobody can travel far without meeting a fool.

Are coming events already casting their shadows before them? During the recent discussions upon the Companies Bill, Mr. Rufus Isaacs was entrusted by the Government with the responsibility for the legal points, owing to the unfortunate absence of the Solicitor-General, through illness. Sir William Robson's health is not of the most robust kind, and we shall not be surprised if ere long he is compelled to relinquish his post for the more peaceful atmosphere of the judicial bench. There was a time, early in the session, when it was feared that the Attorney-General, as well, would be unequal to the physical strain of his office—but he has pulled round wonderfully. There have never been two more cultured and brilliant law officers, and the loss of either of them would be an absolute calamity to the Government. Meanwhile, it is very good of "Rufus," as he is always called, to give up a portion of his "Long" in this way; and we commend him to the favourable consideration of the Prime Minister.

The snubbing of the Bishops over the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is the beginning of the end. The episcopal bench, as a portion of the Parliamentary machine, is doomed. When it is once recognised that the law of Parliament is the only law binding upon the body politic, the *raison d'être* of the Lords Spiritual is gone. They have always—always—been a drag upon the wheel of progress, and the sooner they take their departure, and confine themselves to their spiritual functions, the better.

During one of the recent all-night sittings of the Commons we took a census of the physical condition of the members, and were shocked to find that the temperance men came out very badly. Mr. Nicolls slumbered peacefully between two gallant wideawake Labour men, with each of whom we took an occasional sip of "the cratur" during the silent watches of the night; whilst Mr. Charles Roberts was a sorry advertisement for the blue-water school.

The Christian Science quackery grows apace. A Mr. Dixon, who represents the Eddy woman in London, has just been making statements which prove that he can tell them with any Yankee prophetess. "We had a large number of Christian Scientists in South Africa, and not one of them received a scratch or was invalidated—though facing shot and shell." That is the way to reform the Army. Enlist none but Christian Scientists. Like the Boxers, they are invulnerable. A little Christian Science army would, indeed, "go a damned long way." However, if Germany played it so low down as to send a Christian Science army to invade us, what would happen? Perpetual war—for neither side could kill the other off. Christian Science may deprive war of its bloodshed, but not of its expense—unless the remounts could be taught the principles of Mrs. Eddy. And, after all, this ought not to be hopeless. An average mule could surely master the faith.

The road-hog is a pest, but the air-hog will prove a scourge. Already people are complaining that aeronauts playfully empty sacks of sand on them as they sit quietly in their gardens. The *Daily Express*, with most profound wisdom, suggests that all aeronauts should be compelled to carry water ballast. An infamous proposal in such a summer as this! As if the country were not sufficiently well provided with drizzles, showers, downpours, and cataracts without

supplementing the supply by artificial torrents. If aeronauts wish to become popular, they will provide a different sort of liquid ballast. Then, at the cry of "balloon" the populace will rush out with tubs and sheets to catch the genial and refreshing showers, and prisoners at the police-courts would explain to doubting magistrates that they had been caught in a beer-storm.

The Home Secretary tells us that, according to Mr. Wallace, chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, there was "nothing special" in the mysterious document which the man Smith, now undergoing penal servitude for the attempted murder of Mr. Guerin, handed up to him when a few months ago he was convicted of a West End burglary. The document, in fact, "was of the same character as the appeals made by almost all prisoners." And yet, upon the faith of this document, Mr. Wallace declined even to allow Smith to be put back for police enquiries—although such enquiries would have elicited the fact that the man was a notorious criminal of the very worst description. Now, it is obvious that either Mr. Wallace was fairly "spoofed" by Smith, or that the document contained something which it is desired should not see the light of day. The whole thing is most unsatisfactory. We have our own ideas. All such documents should be transmitted to the Home Office.

A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has a legitimate grievance. For some reason, which is doubtless a very good one, he objects to strangers prying into his banking account. So he gave his banker instructions not to answer unauthorised inquiries. The banker replied that he was very sorry, but that it was his regular practice to answer all inquiries, and he could not depart from it. Now it is one thing to give your banker as a reference, and quite another thing for him to give you away in the face of your specific instructions. He makes money out of you by being your banker, and the least he can do in return is to maintain professional secrecy.

For sheer illogical absurdity, commend us to the quidnuncs who are pleading for the suppression of the Casino at Monte Carlo because of the recent trunk murder. To begin with, it has not been proved that Goold killed Mrs. Levin to make good his losses at the tables. But even if this had been proved, why suppress an establishment which is conducted fairly and leave all the other shady gambling-hells of the Continent unmolested? If we understood Latin, we would exclaim, "Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas." If losses at Monte Carlo drive people to murder, may not losses on the Stock Exchange, and even ordinary commercial losses, also incite to crime? Let us, then, start a campaign for the abolition of commerce.

The Government have certainly not been happy (as matters have turned out) in the selection of their representatives at the Hague Conference. It is, of course, not to be denied—and some of the ultra-Radical papers seem to have lost sight of the fact—that they had a difficult rôle to fill. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's article in the *Nation* on International Disarmament put the cat among the pigeons with a vengeance. Long before the Conference met, most of the Continental Governments, especially Germany, made it clear that, though Britain might disarm as much as she pleased without even taking the trouble to go to the Conference, so far as they were concerned they would build warships and increase military organisations as much and as often as they pleased, and be hanged to anybody and everybody else. The German Chancellor was particularly vigorous in his derision of the British proposal. When it came to the exchange of Notes on the Agenda, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman knew that he was hopelessly out of it; and the secret instructions of Sir Edward Fry and Sir Ernest Satow for the Conference were to blow the horn of disarmament on

a minor key, so as not to cause undue commotion in the dovescotes.

We are certainly not inclined to accept the irresponsible frothings of the egregious Stead for either Gospel or guidance. It would be a bad day for this country if any body of British Ministers were to mould their foreign policy in the half-demented matrix of his brain. He is for ever shrieking through his hat. When, however, all this is said, it cannot fairly be contended that Sir Edward Fry and Sir Ernest Satow have made the most or the best of their opportunities. From first to last they seem to have taken a back seat at the Conference, or permitted themselves to be stowed there, while the German representatives not only occupied the stage, but more or less managed and controlled the show. When it came to the discussion of disarmament, Sir Edward Fry appears to have delivered a frozen sort of homily to the yawns of the rest of the delegates. All we get for our humanitarianism is a renewal of the old, old resolution of the Conference to "resume the serious study of this question," which amounts to about as much as a resolution to resume the serious study of the Millennium. For the rest, the British Government has made the naïve offer to communicate to Powers "willing to do the same" their annual naval programme and its cost, in the hope that "this exchange of information will facilitate exchange of views as to reductions which might be effected by mutual agreement." This is generous, no doubt, but on its best footing it is full of pitfalls. The world is not yet ripe for the exchange of international confidences.

The Bishop of London is terribly distressed at the "poverty" of the clergy, and tells an affecting story of a Bishop's wife, who found a clergyman's daughter getting up at 6 a.m. to clean the boots of her father's guests. We remember a case where a lady actually washed the feet of a guest—but, of course, it all depends on what kind of guest a clergyman has nowadays.

The headmaster of Eton complains that "the London accent" is spreading in all directions, and that "English people do not know how to speak English." The only thing we can suggest is for the great educational endowments filched from the poor to be returned to them, so as to give London a chance to acquire the Eton accent, or the Oxford or Cambridge accent. Shall we send the Eton headmaster a copy of Mr. Firth's book?

We have heard of anglophobia, hydrophobia, and one or two other phobias, but ergophobia is so new that the standard dictionaries will be searched in vain. "He is suffering from ergophobia," said a doctor, who was a witness against an inmate of the Croydon Workhouse recently; "that is a fear of work." On this showing, it is clear that Weary Willie and Tired Tim should be the subjects of sympathy instead of contumely and derision, for if an incessant longing for rest is a disease dignified by a special name approved by the Faculty, then it should be treated in the hospital instead of the police court. A man with perennial backache cannot be expected to earn his cake in the sweat of his brow. To make the demand on him is unreasonable. What he should have is a special ward in a workhouse, where he can permanently recline without the aggravating interference of hustling labour masters.

Is there at last a real prospect of what has been called "The Finest Site in Europe," but what is, in fact, one of the most awful sights in the world, being let? There have been prospects before, and there may be prospects again. But for six months at least this Paris-in-London scheme for Aldwych, approved by the London County Council, and involving a forfeitable deposit of £5,000 if it does not go through, must be regarded as a practical proposal. For a long time now the

Aldwych site has been derisively pointed out by the affable 'bus-driver to the stranger in our midst as either the remains of a Roman pottery or a propagating ground for botanical curiosities! Now, buildings to the cost of £500,000 must be put up within four years, and they are to contain a theatre, a concert hall, a restaurant, and "courts in which tables at which"—to quote the high-class composition of the *Daily Mail*—"intoxicating and other refreshments will be sold." The French syndicate at the back of the scheme have not got the money at present, but apparently they live in hope of finding it. Good luck to them if they do, but if they cannot—well, the L.C.C. can still continue to grow weeds on the vacant site till a more speculative spirit is abroad. If it materialises, this French scheme will probably be the most popular permanent attraction of the Metropolis. It is sorely needed.

Another humorist of sorts has appeared in the House of Commons, Mr. Cathcart Wason to wit. But Mr. Wason's humour appears to be of the deadly earnest, unintentional sort. Indeed, we doubt whether he knows a joke when he makes it. The other day he suggested to the Prime Minister that, in view of the moral and legal claim of the King of Norway to the Shetland Islands and the failure of the herring fishery, the islands should be handed over to Norway. Of course, if we are going to hand over lumps of the British Empire to everybody who has a moral and legal claim to them, there will not be enough of it left to make a drying ground for Mrs. Bull on washing day. For instance, we have it on the authority of Professor Masterman that there are 6,023 people with a better title to be King of England than Edward VII., and this must be a pretty low estimate. There must be quite a crowd of descendants of the early kings of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales still living, and basely robbed of their birthright. As to Shetland, there is probably a vast crowd with even a better moral and legal claim to it than the King of Norway, who was imported from Denmark on the deposition of Oscar of Sweden. Anyhow, we are giving no bits of the British Empire away at present. On the contrary, John Bull annexes all the non-British lands he can lay hands on and lumps them in as his very own. His last *coup* was the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. The date of his next will be duly announced in all the papers.

There are signs that the weary Carnegie has about exhausted the library business, and has gone into the hospital line. His gift of £100,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund breaks the monotonous trend of his latter-day philanthropies. The distribution of what Mr. Dooley calls "litherachoor" among the populace is not an unmixed blessing. In any case, there seems no question that everybody is now supplied, so that if Mr. Carnegie turns his attention awhile from food for the mind to cures for the body he will be spending his superfluous bawbees in the more solid satisfaction of the needs of his day and generation. It is understood that Mr. Carnegie is in mortal fear of dying rich, having a geographical theory as to the ultimate destination of dead millionaires. Possibly he has arrived at the conclusion that he cannot unload quickly enough on free libraries within the normal expectation of life—hence the hospitals and other deserving things may now get a chance. When he has time, by-the-way, perhaps he will take a little walk round the East End. He may perceive an opportunity to drop a few coppers there. They can do with a vast deal of manna of various sorts that way.

The people of Columbia, Indiana, have just had the pleasure of seeing a duel between two motor-cars. Several times they dashed into each other, until one was disabled, and then "the driver dismounted and attacked his rival with his fists. They fought savagely for

several minutes until separated by the police." If must have been very exciting, but we are surprised that our cousins were satisfied with motor-cars. Over here we do it with motor 'buses.

There has been a triumphant pean of jubilation in the creepy-crawly Press. Scotland Yard is actually to have a telephone. The reptile journalist celebrates this marvellous development of civilisation with ecstasy. How convenient it will be, when the nimble burglar breaks through to steal, or the nursery catches fire, or the Hosts of Midian prowl and prowl around, to go to the receiver and cry, "Are you there?" to the myrmidons of the law. And what a strikingly original idea! We in our innocence supposed that all police-stations had been on the telephone for years. We slept comfortably on the strength of it. And now we learn that it is only miraculously that the new invention has at last reached Scotland Yard. We suppose it will reach the War Office by-and-bye. It wasn't there during the late war.

We are glad to note that, despite the prohibition of the conservators, Mitcham Fair has been this year held as usual. This is not because fairs are sweethearts of ours. Roundabouts and swings, cocoanut-shies and pea saloons, very fat ladies and peep-shows, are not much in our way, either as a spectacle or an entertainment. But there is such a thing as ancient rights and old customs. The fair has been held for long years on the Common, so that the conservators were not only a little late, but acted *ultra vires*, in prohibiting it. Indeed, they did not attempt to enforce their order, but contented themselves with taking the names of the owners of the shows. The filching of public rights on common land is not to be tolerated. Than that it is better to endure awhile the fat ladies, and pea saloons, and roundabouts which can be crowded on to it.

As the result of the plebiscite in the Garden City of Letchworth, five hundred and forty voting residents will be unable to assuage their thirst with alcoholic refreshment because six hundred and twenty-nine would rather they refrained. There is to be no public-house in the little paradise, but whether this is to be taken as a reflection on the public-house or on the inhabitants is not for us to determine. It is a little difficult to believe that out of 1,175 residents voting, 626 are unequivocally teetotal. Much easier is it to assume that a majority of the residents prefer to take the more delightful beverages in the bosom of their families rather than set up a house of call in their midst. We do not quarrel with the decision. We merely notice it as a rather instructive instance of local option voluntarily applied.

A wonderful example of the infinitely possible has been recorded at a Coroner's Court in Bethnal Green. The body in the case was that of a labourer who died of heart disease. He had earned but thirty shillings a week, yet when he died a bank-book was found showing a balance of over £200 in his favour, while £28 in gold was under his pillow. "The widow said her husband had saved it all from his earnings of 30s. a week, and had, in addition, brought up a family of four children." This is the sort of thrift we like to hear of among the poor, though we have not the slightest idea how it is done. We suggest that the L.C.C. should engage the widow Fenby as a sort of professor of domestic economy in the homes of the poor.

Mr. Raymond Asquith is a very able young man who had a most distinguished career at Oxford. In this career he gained nothing from the influence of his father, who had also a distinguished career at Oxford. But Mr. Raymond Asquith's claims to appointment as junior counsel to the Treasury in Peerage cases do not seem as pressing as those of many other barristers of

greater experience and greater knowledge of law. The fact that he has received this office of profit under the Crown, therefore, may be referred to the influence of Mr. Asquith *père*, Chancellor of the Exchequer; but then, a father will naturally do for a favourite son what he cannot be expected to do for anybody else. Happy, indeed, is the son that hath a glad father, for the rough places shall be made smooth for him, and the crooked paths straight.

That fourteen-year-old Shadwell girl appears to be rather an unfortunate victim of *psychopathia sexualis* in the sex which is not hers. Nature seems to have endowed her with beautiful and abundant tresses, and on four separate occasions within three months she has been followed and had her hair cut by a man or men in the neighbourhood of Aldgate. The last time was a week ago, when she caught her assailant red-handed, or, rather, scissor-handed, raised a shout, got him chased, and then handed him over to the care of the police. The man told the magistrates that he was a mount-cutter. He had no explanation to offer, and they convicted him of a common assault and fined him forty shillings or fourteen days. This perverted sex-instinct is a mania in some men, and is by no means rare. These men are strangely excited at the sight of beautiful hair, and habitually carry scissors about with them in order to secure furtive possession of feminine locks. If Agnes is wise, she will do up her tresses without delay, or one of these days she may lose the lot.

The article, "A Prize Opera—What has Become of it?" which appeared in our issue of July 13th, has considerably fluttered the musical doves. It purposed, it may be remembered, to tell the story of how Messrs. G. Ricordi, of London and Milan, volunteered to give a prize of £500 for an English opera, under conditions particularly favourable to themselves, and particularly unfavourable to English composers, the strange thing being that Messrs. Ricordi have not complied with any of their own conditions, but, on the other hand, while not having parted with a penny, are retaining all the operas under vague promises of fulfilling their obligations. We have good reason to know that Messrs. Ricordi have had their attention drawn to these statements, and letters on the subject have appeared in the *Referee*; but we have watched in vain for a reply from any of the other persons concerned.

A lame kind of apologia, however, appeared under "Musical Notes," in the *Daily Telegraph*. While admitting all our allegations and acknowledging that Messrs. Ricordi's acts have "caused some heartburnings," the writer goes on to say that "there is no ground for impugning Messrs. Ricordi's good faith," as "they much regret the delays," and "it is easy to understand how difficult it would be to bring pressure" on the committee. This is simple servile bunkum. If it means that the committee are not satisfied with their dealings with Messrs. Ricordi, they have only themselves to blame. If it means that Messrs. Ricordi are not satisfied with their committee, they have their remedy; but whichever way it is there seems to us no reason why obligations should remain unfulfilled and the English composers be left at the mercy of these gentlemen, who are getting money and advertisement out of the talents, time, and work of English musicians and authors.

It may be that neither Messrs. Ricordi nor their committee appreciate what these poor devils have done to qualify for the privilege of being treated in this very cavalier way. We have seen some of them, heard their stories and tested them. There are, we understand, a large number of them, men and women of all ages, some who have waited and worked and almost lost hope, some who, full of ambition, have thrown up lucrative posts, sold their mess of pottage, anticipated

their birthright, pledged themselves and the years to come to their friends and moneylenders for the bread which fed them while they slaved to attain fortune and the fame promised them—of seeing their work produced to the applauding hands of the jewelled audiences of Covent Garden.

The legal position is curious. There seems to be good consideration on the side of the composers. Have they suffered damages? Are Messrs. Ricordi, having broken their contract, entitled to hold the operas till they give a prize, and are they entitled to publish the opera to which they award the prize on the original terms? We have our own ideas, but it is not for us to promote discord.

Railway companies have strange ways of wasting money. They be-plaster stations with garish posters, glorifying the most snuffy and prosaic little places into pinchbeck paradises. If anyone were ever taken in once by such profusion of inappropriate pigments, the first time would also be the last. But, as a matter of fact, the places are advertised among persons who are not qualified by purse or ambition to visit them. A fantasy of Granada or Naples says about as much to Balam's ass as a lithograph of Timbuctoo or the Mountains of the Moon would do to a denizen of Little Tooting.

There is a little story going round the House of Commons about a certain member who abstained from voting upon the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Questioned by one of his friends as to the reason for his abstention, he replied, "Well, my dear fellow, it's just like this—my wife has a sister." Which recalls the story of the Socialist and the two pigs.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 353.

For stating in a recent case that "Irish poplin is the best, but as good is made elsewhere."

MR. A. W. GAMAGE

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 354.

For stating that a Swiss village has been decorated with flags "in honour of a hen which has laid its thousandth egg."

THE DAILY MAIL

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 355.

For stating that girls in certain factories in Yorkshire "work in shifts,"

THE EVENING NEWS

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 356.

For stating that "an action for damages for causing the death of a deceased person must be brought within twelve months after the death,"

THE EDITOR OF "LAW FOR THE MILLION,"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 357.

For describing the new railway director, Mr. Aird, as "the son of the well-known firm of Lucas and Aird,"

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**
For Breakfast & after Dinner

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE SCANDAL.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S INDICTMENT IN THE COMMONS.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S REPLY.

In the early hours of Tuesday morning, upon the Third Reading of the Appropriation Bill, Mr. Bottomley called attention in the House of Commons to what he described as "a grave scandal" in connection with the proposed appointment of Mr. C. J. Stewart to the new office of Public Trustee. Considerable interest has been aroused in the matter by the series of questions addressed from time to time to the Attorney-General on the subject, and there was a general chorus of consent when Mr. Bottomley stated at the outset that he should ask the House to concur in his view that something in the nature of a "discreditable job" had been manoeuvred behind the back of Parliament."

POST NOT YET ESTABLISHED.

Mr. Bottomley reminded the House that the Public Trustee Act passed last session provided that there "should be created" the office of Public Trustee, but that, before the post was established, the Lord Chancellor should formulate a Rule bringing it into existence and defining its scope, and that such Rule should lie upon the table of the House for thirty days before it became effective. The Act further provided that, "if required to do so by the Treasury," the Lord Chancellor should appoint to the position some person already engaged in the public service. Up to that very day, said Mr. Bottomley, the Rule had not been printed, although it was nominally laid on the Table three weeks ago. All he had been able to obtain was a printed "draft." Notwithstanding this, however, and the fact that even now the office had not been legally created, it appeared that no request of any kind had been made by the Treasury to the Lord Chancellor, but that, without waiting for the concurrence of Parliament, or giving any opportunity to members of the legal, or accountancy, or banking professions, or anyone else to compete for the appointment, the Lord Chancellor had surreptitiously conferred the office upon Mr. C. J. Stewart, a gentleman who, so far from possessing any special qualifications for it, had proved in all his public appointments that he was the very worst possible man for the post. (Hear, hear.)

MR. STEWART'S RECORD.

Mr. Bottomley then proceeded to deal with Mr. Stewart's career, first as Official Receiver in Companies Winding-up, secondly as Clerk to the London County Council, and thirdly as Chairman of Allsopp's Brewery. In the first capacity Mr. Stewart had been severely censured from the Bench by Mr. Justice Hawkins as a person lacking in judicial temperament, and guilty of animus and vindictiveness in the discharge of his official duties. In connection with the Liberator group of companies it was notorious in business circles that Mr. Stewart, by his hasty and clumsy realisation, had been guilty of gross waste of assets; whilst in connection with the New Zealand group of failures his persistent persecution of the late Mr. Mundella had driven that esteemed statesman out of public life, and, as some people thought, ultimately to his grave. These were serious accusations to make against a public official, but they were supported by overwhelming evidence, particulars of which were available to every Member of the House. With regard to Mr. Stewart's record as Clerk to the London County Council, Mr. Bottomley had been unable to obtain from members of that body any very enthusiastic testimonial to Mr. Stewart's capacity. Finally, as Chairman of Allsopp's Brewery, everyone agreed that under Mr. Stewart's régime matters had gone from bad to worse, and, since calling attention to this matter, he (Mr. Bottomley) had received scores of letters from shareholders and others expressing gratification that Mr. Stewart had been got rid of.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S EXCUSE.

In all these circumstances, Mr. Bottomley again requested to know what justification the Lord Chancellor had for pitchforking this particular individual into so important a post. The excuse tendered by the Attorney-General was really futile. It was said that the new department had to be "organised," and that Mr. Stewart's services were being utilised in this capacity pending his definite and formal appointment after the Rule had become effective. Mr. Bottomley, however, pointed out that the Act did not come into operation until January 1 next year, and that at the time Mr. Stewart was supposed to be so energetically occupied in organising the new department, he was, as a matter of fact, still discharging his brewery duties. The post ought to have been open to candidates with experience in the administration of Trusts and of business matters. (Hear, hear.) Such a man as the late Sir Alfred Bilston,

for instance, was an ideal type. (Cheers.) It was a slur upon the legal, the accountancy, and the banking professions, that the Attorney-General should tell them that the Lord Chancellor considered Mr. Stewart the man best fitted for the office. (Cheers.)

THE TREASURY'S POSITION.

Mr. Bottomley also desired to know why the Treasury had not nominated some member of the Public Service for the post. He reminded the House that a few days ago he asked the Financial Secretary to the Treasury whether any such nomination had been made, and the reply was in the negative; and when he proceeded to enquire whether the Treasury agreed with the view of the Lord Chancellor that Mr. Stewart was the best-fitted and most proper person for the office, he received a somewhat remarkable reply from the hon. gentleman, to the effect that he was not aware of the view of the Lord Chancellor upon the matter, but that whatever it was, he entirely concurred in it. (Laughter.) No doubt this was the characteristic kind of official answer which was fashionable and orthodox upon the Treasury Bench, and he was certain that if the hon. Member the Secretary to the Treasury continued in that nebulous frame of mind he would be sure of steady and continuous promotion. (Laughter.) What, however, he (Mr. Bottomley) desired to know was, not that the Lord Chancellor had the honour of the blind concurrence of the hon. Member in anything he might or might not do, but why the Lords of the Treasury had connived at this remarkable appointment, and had refrained from exercising the very important power given them by the section of the Act to which he had directed the attention of the House. (Hear, hear.) It was a strange reflection upon the quality of the Public Service that an unsuccessful brewery director was considered head and shoulders above the most experienced members of that Service. (Cheers.)

Whatever the Attorney-General might say, it was clear that, personally, he did not like the appointment, and was simply speaking as a special pleader on behalf of the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Bottomley, however, expressed the hope that upon this occasion the hon. and learned gentleman would be perfectly candid with the House, and would tear aside the veil which at present shrouded in unsavoury mystery as scandalous a piece of jobbery as had been perpetrated in recent times. (Cheers.)

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S REPLY.

The Attorney-General at once rose to reply. He said he would accept the invitation of the hon. Member, and be perfectly frank with the House. The appointment was that of the Lord Chancellor, and not of himself, and he could simply tell the House what the Lord Chancellor told him. It appeared that, with a view to getting the Act into working order, the Lord Chancellor had called together a small committee, of which Mr. Stewart was a member, and so impressed was the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Stewart's abilities that he at once offered him the post. ("Oh, oh.") Mr. Stewart, however, at first declined it—(laughter)—and some time elapsed before the Lord Chancellor, being still further impressed with Mr. Stewart's qualifications—(laughter)—renewed the offer, which upon this occasion Mr. Stewart, after great deliberation—(laughter)—decided to accept. (Loud laughter.) He (the Attorney-General) did not traverse the general allegations made by the hon. Member in regard to certain events in the Law Courts during Mr. Stewart's term of office as Official Receiver—"Oh, oh"—but it was only right to say that Mr. Stewart's superiors at the Board of Trade were satisfied, upon a calm review of the facts, that the strictures of Mr. Justice Hawkins were not warranted, and that Mr. Stewart was fully entitled to their confidence. (Laughter.) He could say no more than to again remind the House that Mr. Stewart did not seek the appointment, and that it was twice offered him before being accepted. He submitted that there was nothing dishonourable or in the nature of a job in the transaction. (Murmurs of dissent.)

There being many Members desirous of raising other questions on the Appropriation Bill, the subject then dropped. The general opinion in the Lobby, however, was that the Attorney-General's reply in reality left unanswered the principal points of Mr. Bottomley's indictment.

"SHOULD TITLES BE TAXED?"—Our third article on this subject stands over till next week.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROLAND HAMILTON.

BY HENRY ALLEN ASHTON.

IV.—THE ADVENTURE WITH THE JUDGE.

Roland Hamilton was reclining in a well-padded arm chair, sipping a cup of Mocha coffee and a *crème de menthe* at intervals between puffs of a fragrant cigar, laughing at London; that "cold, hard, finite, calculating metropolis of manufactures," as Ruskin called it.

Winter had passed. Roland had spent it in the South of France on the proceeds of his adventure with the inventor of the Dymondoscope; spring had come and gone, and summer reigned over these islands.

Roland Hamilton, amidst ease and luxury, was considering his next adventure. He was thinking that if men were honest there would be no judges. And he asked himself the question, as he opened the window of his room in a Piccadilly hotel to let in the cool, night air—"Are judges themselves honest, are they also human, frail as other men?" and the answer he gave himself was satisfactory to himself. It is so comforting to believe what we want to believe.

He caught up an evening paper, which he had been reading, and perused again an article headed "Mardon condemned to death by Mr. Justice Stringfellow at the Old Bailey." Ralph Braithwaite, a wealthy cotton spinner, had been shot by a youth named George Mardon, who turned out to be his illegitimate son. There had been a severe quarrel at the mill, and in a fit of ungovernable temper the old man had been done to death. That afternoon Mardon had been found guilty by the jury and sentenced to death.

Roland was well aware that Mr. Justice Stringfellow had the reputation of being the severest judge on the English Bench, and was supposed to take an almost fiendish delight in inflicting the longest sentences the law allowed. He had on more than one occasion for comparatively trivial offences openly stated that he regretted the abolition of corporal punishment for the luckless offender. Roland determined on a fresh adventure with Mr. Justice Stringfellow as the objective.

The first thing to do was to look up the judge's address—which was found to be in the famous West-end vicinity, Winchester Square, No. 15—the next thing to go and have a look at the house, and then carefully watch it.

It was close upon three o'clock in the afternoon when, after having kept a strict surveillance on the mansion for upwards of an hour and a half, Roland espied a smart-looking young gentleman step out and hurriedly make his way towards Park Lane. Roland quickly followed him, but so sharply did his quarry walk that it was not until he reached Piccadilly that he was able to get quite close to him. When he did it was only to find the judge's son—if, indeed, it were he—suddenly cross the road, turn down a side street and swiftly enter an open doorway. Three or four seconds later the pursuer was at the same door, on which he noticed engraved on a conspicuous brass plate the words "West End Employment Bureau." Up the stairs bounded Roland without the slightest hesitation, and so near to the young gentleman from Winchester Square was he, that the door of the Bureau was actually held open for him by that very individual himself.

There was only one other person in the waiting room, but he was called into the sanctum before Roland had time to take a seat.

"Nice afternoon," began Roland. "I detest having to visit these places."

"So do I," was the laconic rejoinder.

"Still when one is disengaged one has to submit."

"Quite so."

The young gentleman was evidently not in a mood to be talkative, and what made matters worse, at this juncture a clerk, without mentioning any name, beckoned the caller from Winchester Square to the private room.

Fully ten minutes elapsed before Roland was himself ushered into the room, on the glass portion of the door of which was written "Mr. Mayhew."

"Well, sir, and what can I do for you?" asked the manager, adding, "Oh, by the way, what is your name?"

"My name is Reginald Stafford, and I am at present in lodgings in Bloomsbury. Happening to read your

plate on the outer door I took the liberty of walking up to enquire whether you might have anything on your books to suit me."

"Most probably, my dear sir, most probably," replied Mr. Mayhew. "What kind of berth are you on the look out for? Possibly the post of salesman, manager, secretary to a company, or private secretaryship?"

"Yes, something of that sort."

"Ah, quite so, quite so," observed the manager, "my instincts seldom err. The fee for putting you on the register of the Bureau is one guinea."

"Admirable—most reasonable, I am sure."

Before Mr. Mayhew had time to open his big ledger, Roland placed a sovereign and a shilling on the table. He wanted to get into the man's good graces immediately.

"I just met one of my friends from Winchester Square here."

"Oh, indeed," cried Mr. Mayhew, "do you know Mr. Salter?"

"Know him?" ejaculated Roland, "why, we were at school together."

"Dear me, dear me," said Mr. Mayhew. "Of course he told you everything?"

"Yes, and I hardly know what to think of it."

"Think of what?"

This was a poser, but Roland was ever on the alert.

"Of the whole position," he replied.

"It seems pretty plain the judge doesn't want him, and so he has to look out for another crib."

"I think you are hardly correct in saying Judge Stringfellow doesn't want him."

"Well, if you ask me, he is a regular bully."

"I know that," said Roland.

"And he treats Mr. Salter like he has treated every other private secretary he has had," Mr. Mayhew went on, "more like one of his Old Bailey criminals than an honest and educated gentleman."

"I fully agree with you," commented Roland, "but I didn't know that the judge had actually dismissed him."

"Oh, he hasn't done that, of course; but he will pay him a quarter's salary and tell him to be off directly he can find someone to take his place."

Roland Hamilton was within fifteen minutes in the judge's library talking to Mr. Salter.

"Mr. Mayhew sent me here to see you," Roland had said on introducing himself. "Well, perhaps not exactly sent me, but on talking over matters—"

"I did not think the manager of the—"

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted Roland; "but Mayhew and I are old friends. I want you to come over and dine with me at Barridge's Hotel. I think I can arrange something that will be satisfactory."

"I shall be kept busy with his lordship till very late."

"Very well, to-morrow then?"

"Wonder why his lordship never married?"

"Yes, it is a wonder," said Mr. Salter.

Dinner was over and the two men were smoking in Roland's private room at the hotel, the day after his call at Winchester Square.

"I can't think why a fellow of your ability and talents should want to become a common drudge of a private secretary," observed Mr. Salter.

"As you say £100 a year is not much," said Roland; "in fact I would take up your situation for nothing a year, and as I want the post, and I know you won't be sorry to leave at once, I am going to pay you a premium equal to a year's salary. What do you say?"

With joyful eagerness Mr. Salter promptly closed with the offer, and Roland Hamilton paid him in bank notes.

Roland paid another visit to the West-End Employment Bureau and arranged a very delicate deal with the manager. For £20 Mr. Mayhew procured Roland a couple of excellent testimonials, one from a retired Lieut.-Colonel, and the other from a big land owner—two clients for whom he had performed some shady transactions—and his own engaging personality, his air of grace and

SOMETHING NEW.—Many people residing far from centres experience difficulty in raising a few pounds ready cash. THOMSON BROS., Pawnbrokers, established over 100 years, lend sums, small and large, against Jewellery, etc., sent them by post. Low interest charged (2s. 6d. per month for £10). Cash by return. Carriage paid both ways. London addresses: 156, High Street, Borough; 200, The Grove, Stratford; 8, Roman Road, Barnsbury. Bankers, London and County. Please quote this paper.

refinement, had completed the rest. Roland Hamilton was now private secretary to the Right Honourable Mr. Justice Stringfellow, of 15, Winchester Square, Belgravia; of Fernshawe, Barnstaple; and of Glamorgan Towers, Llandudno.

"Finish all these letters, make out a précis of this—" pointing to a bundle of documents in red tape—"and indite replies to all these idiotic epistles. Then run over to the Forum Club and see if there are any letters for me. You are not smart enough, Mr. Stafford. According to your testimonials you possessed all the secretarial virtues. I am greatly disappointed in you."

With those injunctions, and with this expression of opinion, the Judge, punctually at 10 a.m., left his town house for the Law Courts, after Roland had been in his employ for just a fortnight. During that time he had not been idle, but apparently there was no matter which could be utilised for a successful adventure.

As soon as the Judge's electric brougham had whizzed out of sight, Roland put on his hat and walked over to the Forum Club. He had been there before on a like errand, so that the gold-laced porter at once handed him a letter addressed to his lordship in a lady's handwriting.

The epistle was addressed from a house in Edgware Road, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR RALPH,—I am in trouble again and back in England once more, as you will see. I suppose your solicitors have sent out my allowance to Durban, but I couldn't stick in the place, so I came back. I wanted to go to Eton and see our proud, haughty boy. I see he stroked his boat against Harrow. Poor fellow, if he only knew what I have suffered. Do please send me money, the last I had was six weeks ago.

"Your once loving and respected

"CHRISSE."

As Roland folded the letter up and put it into his pocket, he called to mind a question he once put to Mr. Salter—"Wonder his lordship never married?"

It was not very long before Roland was giving a double knock at one of the meanest houses in that almost interminable thoroughfare. A man without boots, coat or collar, and with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbow, answered the summons.

"Well, whatcherwant?" he gurgled.

"A lady—Mrs. Chrissie something—lives here, I think?"

"Wat's 'er bloomin' other name—don'tcherno, guynor?"

"I am afraid I have mislaid her card."

"Stow it!" ejaculated the man, grinning like an ape, "no ladies don't live here. What'll yer gimme if I hes-corts yer hup to 'er room?"

"Half a crown," which Roland produced.

"Strike me pink," exclaimed the janitor, biting the coin hard. "Well come in, shut the blessed door after yer and follow me. She ain't bin 'ere on'y a few days, an' 'tween me and you, guv'nor, I b'lieve she wor a lady once, s'help me davy, I do, not 'cause yer gimme the 'arf dollar, but—why there she is—"

They were on the first floor, and Roland, only too glad to be rid of his companion, introduced himself with, "I am the senior partner of the firm of solicitors acting for Judge Stringfellow; may I come in?"

"He has been pretty quick this time," said the lady, "that is if you have brought with you sufficient funds to meet my requirements."

"I am afraid I haven't, but if five or ten pounds would tide over any very pressing needs at the moment, I can advance you what you want."

"That's very good of you. What is your name?"

"I am the senior partner of the firm who regularly send your allowance."

"Well, there are three partners—Mr. Hanworth, Mr. Torby and—"

"I am Mr. Hanworth. Now, madam," drawing his chair up to the table and taking out of his pocket a formidable looking bundle, really nothing but a quire of brief paper tied with red tape fastened to the paper with a big green seal. "I want to hear the whole story of your life, so far as it relates to the Judge. You need have no fear. All I want to learn is the whole truth. My firm—which is practically myself—wish to be quite certain that you have a just and legal claim on his lordship. As

a matter of fact I am not satisfied that you receive what you are properly entitled to, and if I am still of that opinion after you have told me everything—everything, mark you, madam—I shall candidly tell his lordship so."

Roland heard the story, which was only a repetition, in substance, of the old, old story.

The Right Honourable Mr. Justice Stringfellow had finished his work at the Old Bailey by one of his favourite "ten-years-penal" sentences. Political jobbery caused his elevation to the Bench, and social chicanery was about to cause his promotion as a Lord Justice of Appeal.

He was sitting at his desk writing a private letter, when, without knocking, in walked Roland Hamilton with the utmost *sang froid*, and curtly informed him that he had come to see him on business of the utmost importance.

"How dare you enter—?"

Before Judge Stringfellow got any further, Roland commenced: "My lord, I will dare anything to-night, and you must listen to me."

"Leave this house instantly," cried the angered Judge.

"It will save your lordship much time to learn four things. Firstly, that I have cut all the electric wires leading from this room; secondly, that I have sent four of the servants out on errands which will keep them away till I have finished; thirdly, that my name is not Stafford, that I got here under false pretences, my real name being William Mardon—you remember that you hanged my foster brother, George Mardon, a little while ago for the murder of Ralph Braithwaite; and fourthly, and lastly, as clergymen say, I am, like my brother was, a desperately dangerous man, and carry, like he did, a revolver. I, too, scorn death."

Roland produced the weapon he named and held it in his right hand, but the muzzle he considerably pointed to the floor, as the Judge was shaking like the proverbial aspen leaf.

"Your business?" he asked. "Get it over quickly."

"I will try to do so for your sake," said Roland. "About twenty-four years ago, when a junior at the Bar, you employed a lady amanuensis. She was a young girl of eighteen—probably a very beautiful, refined and intellectual girl, for at 43 or 44 years of age, after living in misery and despair in all quarters of the globe, there are strong evidences of all I have assumed. You caused this confiding, trusting, innocent girl to love you. Then like the wretch you were and are, you ruined her."

"Her name?" asked the Judge in a hoarse voice.

"Chrissie Belmont. She has a son, now at Eton. I don't know whether the authorities there require to see certificates of birth or of the marriage of parents. At all events he is there now as Ernest Paget Stringfellow—your adopted son. He has done well at Eton, and will no doubt do even better at Oxford, if he has the courage, or is allowed to proceed there when the whole story becomes public."

"And who will believe this story of yours, when to-morrow I shall have you charged with blackmail?"

"I have not asked you for money, and if you dare repeat what you have just said I will shoot you down like my brother shot Braithwaite," replied Roland; "and as for saying who will believe it, this is surely treating the occasion with levity which, ill becomes it. I have ample proof of everything up to the hilt," he went on. "Chrissie Belmont gave me all the remaining information I wanted to complete my case, upon which I have now been engaged for three years and more. I had to pay Mr. Salter to leave you, and I also had to pay heavily to get Chrissie Belmont to leave Durban."

"Miss Belmont in London?"

"Awaiting my return to a house in Edgware Road. But I will be more merciful to you than you are to the poor criminals who cross your path. You are an exceedingly rich man, Judge, so I want signed transfers, which I will myself witness, for all your shares in South African Mines. This is the only condition upon which I pledge myself to secrecy. The alternative is that by this time to-morrow the whole world will be ringing with the scandal. It will be the first crime—for crime it is—that has been recorded against an English judge."

"And if I refuse—what then?"

Roland looked Judge Stringfellow steadily in the face and instinctively knew that he had succeeded again.

Roland Hamilton's fourth adventure culminated in complete success.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By MRS. BULL.

WOMEN AND WAR.

For some time past the papers have been devoting more or less attention to the Hague Conference. It must be the ardent prayer of every woman who has menfolk dear to her, whether as husband, father, lover, or son, to mitigate the unspeakable horrors of war. It is Thackeray who says that "every bullet fired into the heart of an adversary is also a wound in the heart of those to whom he was most dear." I have, from a woman's point of view, a suggestion that may do something to make the possibility of war more remote in the future—the intermarrying of various European nationalities to the fullest possible extent. This would beget international sympathies which cannot do other than make for peace. Every advantage has disadvantages. The drawback to this suggestion, if carried out to any material extent, is that from the union of two alien races an immense number of geniuses would be produced. It is not generally known that many great men owe their personality to the mixture of foreign blood in their parents. The instances that, as I write, I call to mind, are the two Dumas, Lafcadio Hearn, and Rudyard Kipling. If my suggestion were carried out Europe would be overrun with such cattle, which might prove a pity.

SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

I wonder how many of JOHN BULL's readers are aware that conditions tantamount to slavery exist in the United States, particularly in the Southern portion thereof? I have just been reading an illuminating article in this month's *Nineteenth Century and Afterwards*, called "Peonage in America." In this it is related how members of local governments trump up charges against black and white men and women, and, instead of putting them in jail, sell them to local employers of labour for a given period. These employers are naturally disposed to get their money's worth, hence these poor victims of a ruthless oppression are worked to death. I cannot here enumerate the concomitant horrors of such a system as is practised in America, but it is enough to say that all the worst cruelties of the days of the slave trade are here repeated, with the added disadvantage that there is no incentive, as in the old days, for a master to take care of his "hands." It is cheaper to work them to death and get new ones. I trust that all women will find time to read this article for themselves. The infamous treatment to which many of their white sisters are subjected should awaken sympathy in their hearts, and sympathy is a notorious begetter of remedial measures.

A NEW AFFLICTION.

Visitors to country houses very often hesitate to accept invitations on account of the exorbitant tips which servants expect? But there out-of-pocket expenses pall before the new terror with which we are threatened. It is announced in a contemporary that certain young women, complaining of the dullness of certain country houses, have banded themselves together with the intention of doing all they know to tell amusing stories, get up games, and be "generally the life and soul" of every house they visit. Imagination boggles at the boredom that they will inflict. Amusement must be spontaneous to be effective. Carefully planned diversions on the part of interfering young women would at the least be responsible for many urgent and sudden summonses to town on the part of members of their long-suffering audiences. The manufactured, would-be entertaining, girl is translating into terms of everyday life the bright little busybody of the stage, which cannot be otherwise than a grievous infliction.

THE POWER OF MRS. GRUNDY.

The Hammersmith Girls' Sculling Club, founded by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, was the first of its kind to be started, and is delightful in all respects save one. That solitary fly in the ointment arises from a regard for Mrs. Grundy; with the result that every time the girls venture out in the boats they needlessly endanger their lives! The folds of long skirts invariably get in the way of the sliding seats. One would suppose that under these circumstances some form of knickerbocker costume would have been adopted. But, no! Mrs. Grundy would object. Skirts reaching to the ankle are duly worn, and the girls actually go skulling tied round the knees with elastic bands. If one inquires why this truly absurd and surely very dangerous device is adopted, Miss Kate Lock,

the captain, makes reply—with evident signs of personal dissatisfaction—that if any departure from conventional attire had been ventured upon, some of the girls would undoubtedly have been forbidden to join the club. To my mind this reason is quite insufficient. Surely it would be but fair that any girl unfortunate enough to possess parents who are ashamed to let it be known that they have actually brought into the world a two-legged daughter, should be the only one to suffer from her father's or mother's extremely delicate susceptibilities. The stronger-minded of the club ought not to be dragged down to this level and debarred from the use of rational dress—evidently so imperatively required in racing boats. I feel sure that Dr. Furnivall himself would offer no objection to his "eights" arraying themselves suitably, for which among the Bard of Avon's sweet heroines ever hesitated to don doublet and hose when the circumstances required? Of course, it is now an accepted fact that women shall dispense with long skirts on some occasions—for instance, in the gymnasium and for swimming—but the peculiar point about such forms of athletics is that they are presupposed to be followed only in comparative privacy. Already aristocratic women are beginning to disregard convention in this matter. Many ladies of high position, from the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Castlereagh downwards, have appeared on horseback astride—and looking truly charming—and the Princess of Wales' daughter is being taught to sit a horse in similar fashion. But women of the middle and lower classes seem to be more timid. Girls, girls, when will you acquire courage and independence, and learn to snap your fingers in Mrs. Grundy's wizened old face?

SEX AND SUICIDE.

It is curious to learn that sex has an influence on suicide. Men put an end to their own lives in far greater numbers than do women, and different methods of accomplishing this feat are chosen, according to whether it be a man or a woman who has resolved to voluntarily seek "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." Men's favourite device is hanging; next in order come drowning, stabbing, poison and shooting. Women prefer drowning to hanging, and poison to cutting their throats or blowing out their brains. I suppose it is difficult to realise how completely we are out of it once we are safely dead, and how little it really matters to us whether "the body" looks picturesque or horrible when it is "found," but the methods chosen by women—the sex that is always accustomed to paying most heed to the question of personal appearance—seem to show either a deliberate or an instinctive consideration of this point, for the feminine methods of suicide are most emphatically those that are least disfiguring. Another odd fact is that self-sought death by drowning goes out of fashion during the winter months. The suicide does not seem to realise that lying in the icy water for hours will not discomfort him in the least.

COLOURED STOCKINGS.

Fashionable womenfolk are speedily discarding the neat black stocking for those of garish hue. Purple stockings are worn with patent boots which have antelope "uppers" dyed the same hue; there are also red, green, grey and fawn leg wear to correspond with boot "uppers" of the same tints.

MEN'S JEWELLERY.

A man has very few opportunities of wearing jewellery, as a rule, but when he does get a chance he seems mightily pleased with himself. When Lord Mayors and other State dignitaries are occasionally allowed to blossom forth slung around with chains and pendants like a South Sea Islander's most honoured idol, they generally bear a delightfully complacent expression. In ordinary attire a man has to be content with very little, while a woman's toilette never looks quite complete without some ornaments; in the opinion of many, the less a man wears in the decorative line the smarter is his appearance. Studs may be allowed to flatter themselves that they are objects of utility. I have seen a man in evening dress who wore three big pearls down his shirt-front by way of studs. The top one was a white pearl, the second a pink one, while the third was a rare black one. Altogether, they must have represented a small fortune, and undoubtedly looked charming. But for all that, I fancy I shall be voicing the general opinion of women in saying that a man is well advised to spend all his spare pennies on jewels for his wife, and not in seeking to decorate his own person—even with costly studs.

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

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BOOKS TO AVOID.

By P. O'T.

(We do not necessarily associate ourselves with the views, or reviews, of Mr. P. O'T.)

"Affairs of State." By Burton E. Stevenson. (London: Chatto and Windus. 1907.)

This is a weak and foolish attempt to weave a love-story into a small diplomatic incident. The author is evidently an American with no knowledge either of love or diplomacy. The incidents are all so improbable and at the same time so confused, that no interest can be aroused, much less maintained. On the cover is the facsimile of a letter alleged to have been written by an English gentleman; but the long "s" and the curl over the "u's" suggest a Teutonic hand. Evidently the cover was concocted in Germany.

YANKEE JARGON.

"Jane Cable." By George Barr McCutcheon. (London: Mrs. Grant Richards. 1907. Price 6s.)

This is another transatlantic effusion—a long tissue of sensational incidents, which are neither probable nor entertaining. Even the worst villainies fail to ruffle our brows. If such books are to be published in England, they should be accompanied with maps and a glossary, for it is unfair to expect us to be familiar with the streets and avenues of Chicago, or with such strange words as the "shingle" of a lawyer, "joshier," "grouchy," "blatherskite," "hike," an "A.D.T. boy," and "calloused." We are also curious to know the meaning of the sentence, "he's got an awful joint." We gather from the context that it can have no reference to meat.

DICKENS AND TREACLE.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back, and other Stories." By Jerome K. Jerome. (London: Hurst and Blackett. 1907. 3s. 6d.)

It is a long time since I heard anything of Mr. Jerome, and I had begun to think that he had abandoned scribbling for some more useful calling. He is remembered as the gentleman who found humour in fleas, and falling into the river, and other similar adventures of the unsophisticated. I thought people had outgrown his school of middle-aged humour, but here he is, clowning still with joints which must now be stiff. His first line supplies his traditional leit-motif: "The neighbourhood of Bloomsbury Square." Has the man never left Bloomsbury, can he never tear himself away from the foetid atmosphere of loathsome lodgings and penury and landladies' cats? If he has learned nothing, he has at any rate forgotten nothing, as will be seen from the following typical passage:

Tibb's boy, screaming at the top of his voice that *she* was his honey, stopped suddenly, stepped backwards on to the toes of a voluble young lady wheeling a perambulator, remained deaf, apparently, to the somewhat personal remarks of the voluble young lady. Not until he had reached the next corner—and then more as a soliloquy than as information to the street—did Tibb's boy recover sufficient interest in his own affairs to remark that *he* was her bee.

I had hoped that this particularly irritating song had been forgotten by now. I have forgotten it so well and so willingly that I should have read honeysuckle for honey, but I defer to Mr. Jerome's superiority in his own field of recollection. What puzzles me is to know who will be so degenerate as to find humour in such stuff. In this volume Mr. Jerome appears as a feeble imitator of Dickens with much mawkishness added.

A POP-GUN ARMY.

"A National Army." By C. W. W. D. Beauclerk. (London: King, Sell and Olding. 1907. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Of all the futile schemes for veiled conscription and voluntary compulsion, this is perhaps the most absurd. The author proposes to drill school-boys between the ages of ten and fourteen, and then trust to luck for the continuation of their military career. Lord Roberts, invited to endorse this, points out that, without compulsion, the boys will not put in fifty-two drills a year with the volunteers between fourteen and eighteen. And what would be the use of a course of training which terminates at the ripe age of 14? Warfare is not a game for children, as the advocates of toy rifle-ranges appear to imagine.

BEER-MONEY.

"A Coquette in Craps." By Frank Danby. (London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 1s. net.)

The author is not so vivacious as usual, but her sketches of character are skillful, especially in the case of fast fortune-hunters. Her heroine is too foolish to be convincing, and fails to arouse much interest or any sympathy. A shilling (net) would be expended more profitably on catching beer.

MACHINE-MADE.

"A Gality Silence." By Sidney Warwick and Mulvy Ouseley. (London: Gay and Bird. 1907. Price 6s.)

This story belongs to a very familiar type. There is not a particle of originality on any page. All the old, weather-beaten incidents and situations of a thousand stereotyped novels are flung into a pot and taken out haphazard. Other ingredients are 2oz. of love, 1lb. of hate, 1 weak blackmailer, 1 embezzler who goes mad, several good girls, and accidents to taste. The conversations are as inanè as the characters. I suppose such books are bought and sold by the yard.

LOVE?

"Love and All About It." By Frank Richardson. (London: Mrs. Grant Richards. 1907. Price 1s.)

This pamphlet, with an anthropoid picture on the cover, has, according to the "foreword," been culled from Lord Northcliffe's and other pot-house periodicals. It reflects the pot-house view of love with all a pot-walloper's humour. An unkind reviewer would quote as typical passages: "Girls, you do not want your life to be a huge impractical joke, do you? There are some women who marry Welshmen. This fact cannot be explained. It is merely to be marvelled at. . . . Any girl who admits that she loves a Welshman, and would like to live in a village the name of which contains three complete sets of the alphabet (with the vowels left out) ought to consult her medical man. I advise all girls to marry failures—if they can afford them." As I am not unkind, I will say that there are a few isolated quips in this laborious jest. At long intervals it almost reminds me of Crosland infinitely diluted with bilge-water.

"The Real Sir Richard Burton." By Walter Phelps Dodge. London: Unwin. Price 6s. net.

The title of this book suggests that at last the true story of Burton is vouchsafed. There have been several biographies of that strange oriental man, but they have all erred on the side of excessive flattery or undue blame. Mr. Dodge does not improve on them or add anything to our knowledge of Burton. In fact, he gives us little more than a slight, ill-written essay—a mere growl about his predecessors. I fail to see why anyone should trouble to write about Burton when he had already written so much about himself. At any rate, it is superfluous to glorify a man who devoted his life to glorifying himself. Take his journeys to Mecca and Hurrur. They presented very little difficulty to anyone who spoke oriental languages, and looked as oriental as Burton did. But he made out that he carried his life in his hand, and scribes like Mr. Dodge, who spend their lives in arm-chairs and American saloons, no doubt think that very marvellous. But he really ran very few risks, and he accomplished next to nothing in the matter of exploration. He was a clever translator, and attracted some attention by the frankness of his translations. But Mr. Dodge tells us scarcely anything about the "Arabian Nights." He wants to "place the name of Burton with those of Livingstone and Stanley." I have no objection, for that is faint praise.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

In our issue of July 13th (page 38) there is a review of Mr. E. F. Benson's book, "The House of Defence." Mr. Frederick Dickson, of the Christian Science Publication Committee, takes exception to some of the observations of our reviewer, and asks us to publish the following reply:—

In the notice of Mr. Benson's book, which recently appeared in your columns, the reviewer dwells upon what he terms the jargon of Christian science, and selects as two specimens of it the expressions "Divine Love" and "false claims."

Now in disseminating any new teaching it is necessary to employ a terminology more exact than is demanded in dealing with one which is familiar, and in writing of Christian science Mrs. Eddy has been most exact and careful in her use of words. At the same time, if no jargon contained less defensible terms than those your reviewer has selected for reprobation, jargon would be on the way to become extinct.

Love is the synonym used by John for God, as in the familiar sentence, "God is Love." The expression "Divine Love" can therefore hardly be said to be particularly abstruse.

Claim is a word commonly used for an assertion which remains to be substantiated. A false claim then is a claim without any foundation in truth, that is in Divine Love, something, as sickness, which can consequently be proved untrue and destroyed.

Compared with the technical expressions of other subjects with which one is acquainted, the jargon of Christian science becomes familiar English.

FARMERS AND THEIR INCOME TAX.

By J. HALLETT FRY.

We hear much of agricultural depression. This depression may actually exist as in the past it has existed, although the Income Tax returns, in so far as they relate to the profits of nurseries and market gardens, show most gratifying and persistent increases. Now, these nursery and market garden profits are the only real basis we have for estimating the prosperity of the farmer, who will grumble, and who has so liberally indulged himself, at any rate, since the first decade of the nineteenth century. But why is it there is no basis for estimating the profits of the farmer except in so far as they accrue from the working of nurseries and market gardens? All of us who trade, receive salaries, fees, and so forth, are called upon for a return of our profits. But were we farmers we should, to our inexpressible delight and advantage, be treated otherwise. We should not then be called upon for an annual return of income, in consequence, forsooth (as Dowell has it), "of the dislike, or, as it has sometimes been urged, the inability of farmers in general to keep accounts," but we should be assessed simply upon the third part of the annual value of our land. To instance what this means: A farmer pays a rental of £500 p.a. for his land. He will be assessed, for the purposes of the Income Tax, at the one-third part thereof, i.e., £166 13s. 4d., and if he has no other income he will only pay the tax on the odd £6 13s. 4d., that is to say (at 1s. in the £), the large sum of 6s. 8d., as he is entitled to £160 free of the tax. Of course, if he has paid a life insurance premium he should get off scot free, for a premium even of £6 15s. p.a. would entitle to the remission of the balance of 6s. 8d. Now, is this reasonable? A poor, ignorant, or unwilling (which you like) farmer, who, nevertheless, can incur a liability of £500 p.a. for rent, is practically free of Income Tax. Is such a person usually a pauper? Of course he complains, for so to do is the especial privilege of the English farmer, but I do submit that his probable income would be the subject of taxation in the hands of any other person than the farmer. There are farms and farns, and farmers and farmers, but is not this question of taxation a fit subject for inquiry? For note what the law is. If you are assessed at the one-third part of your rent, the Inland Revenue cannot raise the question of your assessment, however much profit you make. This is the general rule. But there is an exception to the general 1-3rd rule, and it is this: If I (the farmer) am dissatisfied, I can object to the assessment, and elect to be assessed on my actual profit, just like any other trader. Now, see how all this works. I pay a rental of £900 p.a., and the assessment is therefore £300, upon which I pay tax, *although I have actually made a profit of £600*. The next year crops fail, cattle perish, and I make no profit at all. I can then, under the exception, apply to be assessed at nil, or recover all the tax paid. This, really, between farmer and Revenue, is a case of "heads I win, tails you lose," and for as much as what the Department loses must be made up by other taxpayers the interest in these proceedings should be general.

Now, to indicate how the wily farmer bests the Revenue, let me refer to a few figures. Between 1895 and 1905 the profits of market gardens and nurseries have increased from £228,000 to £367,000—say 60 per cent. Now, during this same period the profits of farmers have decreased from £18,414,000 to £17,112,000, or no less than 7 per cent. N.B.—All these figures are gross and subject to deductions for abatements, life insurance premiums, etc.

One reason for the reduction in the profits of the farmer must be stated. When the farmer elects to be assessed on his business profits he falls out of the farmers' schedule, from which these figures have been culled. But he is not lost to the statistical fiend, and is numerically recorded (small as he is) in the Blue Book, where we find that in 1904-5 254 farmers so elected, and thus reduced their assessments from £45,128 to £12,322. So that the prosperous farmer does not elect, but remains assessed on the 1-3rd basis, to the detriment of other classes of taxpayers, and those who do elect are doing particularly badly, and making a profit of only about £9 on each £100 of rent they pay.

From the large figures of £17,000,000 brought under the review of the Department, it might be inferred that the farmer still paid a good amount into the Exchequer, but in 1904-5 he paid in only some £200,000 out of the total Income Tax receipt of £31,000,000, or say roughly 7-10ths of 1 per cent. This is owing to the fact that out of this figure of £17,000,000, tax was only received on £4,200,000, owing to the abatements and other deductions claimed by the "unwilling or ignorant" person.

I submit that the farmer has now arrived at such a pinnacle of intelligence that he may return his profits for assessment as do we more heavily taxed persons, and that thereby our burden would be reduced.

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OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Right Hon. and Most Rev. Randall Cantuar, Primate of All England, Lambeth Palace.

My Lord Archbishop,—At last, despite the active and persistent opposition of the Spiritual Lords, with yourself at their head, another great popular reform has been carried. I refer to that which legalises marriage with a deceased wife's sister. For years the Church has fought against it with the futile arguments that such marriages are forbidden by the texts and forbidden by the canon. But at last, my Lord Archbishop, justice is done. It is done in spite of you all; done in spite of your thunders, and your jeremiads, and your prophecies, and your croakings. It was inevitable. As surely as the Church opposes anything, so surely does it come to pass. However bitter and strong the opposition to common justice, and common sense, and public policy, the wrong is redressed and the right accomplished. The Church sets itself against the people only to fail, and—I beg you take note of my words—in the end only to fail.

My Lord Archbishop, do not you realise that ecclesiastical and canonical arguments against popular measures have lost their force? The time has passed when people cowered and trembled before the laws of the Church. The time for government by the laws of the people has come. "My lords," said Lord James of Hereford, "there is but one safe path for the Church, and that is the path which leads to the hearts of the people." There was but one safe path, he should have said; for you, my Lord Archbishop, and the bishops and other ecclesiasts who act with you, have lost it—lost it for ever. You are holding up tumbling walls and crumbling pillars. The day is not far off when the Church will be merely a Church. If it is to have any more vital life, if it is to find a real evangel and a new inspiration, the sooner that day dawns the better.

Go your ways, my Lord Archbishop—you and your mitred brethren. Yesterday you were a national menace. To-day you are but a national futility. To-morrow you may be but a national derision; and when to-morrow comes, ICHABOD will be written over the gates of your tabernacles and on the walls of your palaces.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Brampton (late Mr. Justice Hawkins).

Dear Old Boy,—I see that you have been talking rather sadly of the fact that you are on the threshold of ninety years. There are very few compensations in such old age as yours, you are reported to have said; and when it was suggested that you had leisure, you replied, "No, no, I cannot say that is pleasant. It fills me with regret that I can no longer take any active part in life. I am a good age, and at times I am in great pain."

I am sorry to hear you talk like this, my old friend. Not many of us will get as deep in the snows as you are. Yet most of us would cling to life as to a straw were it extended years beyond. It is not fear of crossing the Bar that makes us love life to the last breath; it is just the wrench of the parting with all we have known and loved. We cling to the old world as we cling to our fragrant memories of the past and our hopes for the future. Probably, if life could be bought by the hour when we had reached the allotted limit we should all be purchasers according to our means, and the millionaires would live longest of all.

Treasure your life while you have it, my dear old boy, and avoid pessimism as you would a plague. We who are no longer youngsters cannot afford to be pessimists. We should all be optimists. It is when we are withdrawn from the main track and trend of things, and shunted into one of life's sidings, that we begin to see and to understand that while nothing is ever so bad but that it might be worse, nothing is ever so good that it might not be bettered. So, looking back and forward, we can summon our faith to unlock the shining gates of that "Larger Hope" which opens upon the perfected Kingdom. "On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round," says our Browning. Be you therefore an optimist. I shall drop you a postcard on your ninetieth birthday in September, and I hope for many other Septembers afterwards. Don't worry. You've nothing to regret—well, we've all something; but you have not very much that I can think of. You did your job like a man, and a brother, and a Briton, and that's a good enough character for either earth or heaven. There's quite a crowd of us who still think, in the words of Mr. Chevalier, that "Enery 'Awkins is a fust clars nyme."

JOHN BULL.

To Judge Lumley Smith, K.C., City of London Court.

May it please your Honour,—Don't imagine for a moment that I believe in shoddy, or defend it, whether in boots or bacon, for I don't. Indeed, I would deal with every man

who adulterates the goods he sells, not by fine, but by hard labour, and plenty of it at a time. But in that case you heard the other day, I confess I don't quite see the point of your judgment. Plaintiff bought boots for his son, under verbal guarantee that they were all leather. As a fact, the boots turned out to be partly felt, the boy got a severe cold, and plaintiff sued for damages. First of all, you allowed 6s. 3d. difference in value between boots which were all leather and those which were half felt, and as to this I have nothing to say; but when you proceeded to add: "I do not think the boy's continued ill-health is due to the bad boots, but I will stretch a point and allow the father £1 under that head, although I do not think I ought to do so," I'm bothered if I can perceive the Solomonian aspect of the judgment. If you didn't think you should have awarded the plaintiff the £1, why on earth did you? Thought you're in the seat of justice to contribute to charity out of other people's pockets, I suppose? You are quite wrong there, I do assure you, and you would not only be upset on appeal, but rolled right over. Not that I mind what you do to any fellow who palms off half felt for leather. There is such a thing as a long-felt want, but it doesn't apply to boots. Your judgment against the defendant, therefore, might have been for £10 without drawing the bitter tear from me, for it is none of my funeral. I merely call attention to it because it is a lopsided, contrary, back-hand, go-as-you-please, have-a-shy-at-the-milky-cocoanuts sort of affair, and for your own sake I hope it is a special, and not a regular, line.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Kate Tingley, Theosophical Prophetess (from America), Bankum House, London.

Madame,—I note your arrival in England from New York. Crowds of people believe in you in America, and if you believe in yourself you should be joyful. Come to convert the heathen, and stimulate the faithful, I understand, and (dare I hope?) do a little collecting. It is a long time since theosophical quackery had a show in this country. The last rumpus in the temples of Isis killed it. A few years ago it was strong enough to make a noise and provoke derision. Now there is not enough of it left to raise a giggle. Glad you have come. You will be a boon and a blessing to all the ha'penny papers.

You were born in B.C. 1200, at which period you and Blavatsky were sojourning in the land of the Pharaohs. Say so yourself, anyhow, and you ought to know. This makes you more than three thousand years old, and as I have made it a rule never to contradict a lady, I take leave to confine myself to the remark that you don't look it, not even when you attire yourself in purple robes, officiate at the Tree of Life, or lead a procession to worship the Rising Sun.

That you have done well out of the priestess and prophetess business goes without saying. I do not count among the profits that you have been married three times, for that is all according; but as the "Purple Lotus Mother" of the Sacred College of San Diego, you are not in business wholly for the good of your health. You never cast your bread on the waters without it returns unto you well buttered. That you will pick up a few simple fools in England I do not doubt. There are still a great many about—look at the Limerickers.

JOHN BULL.

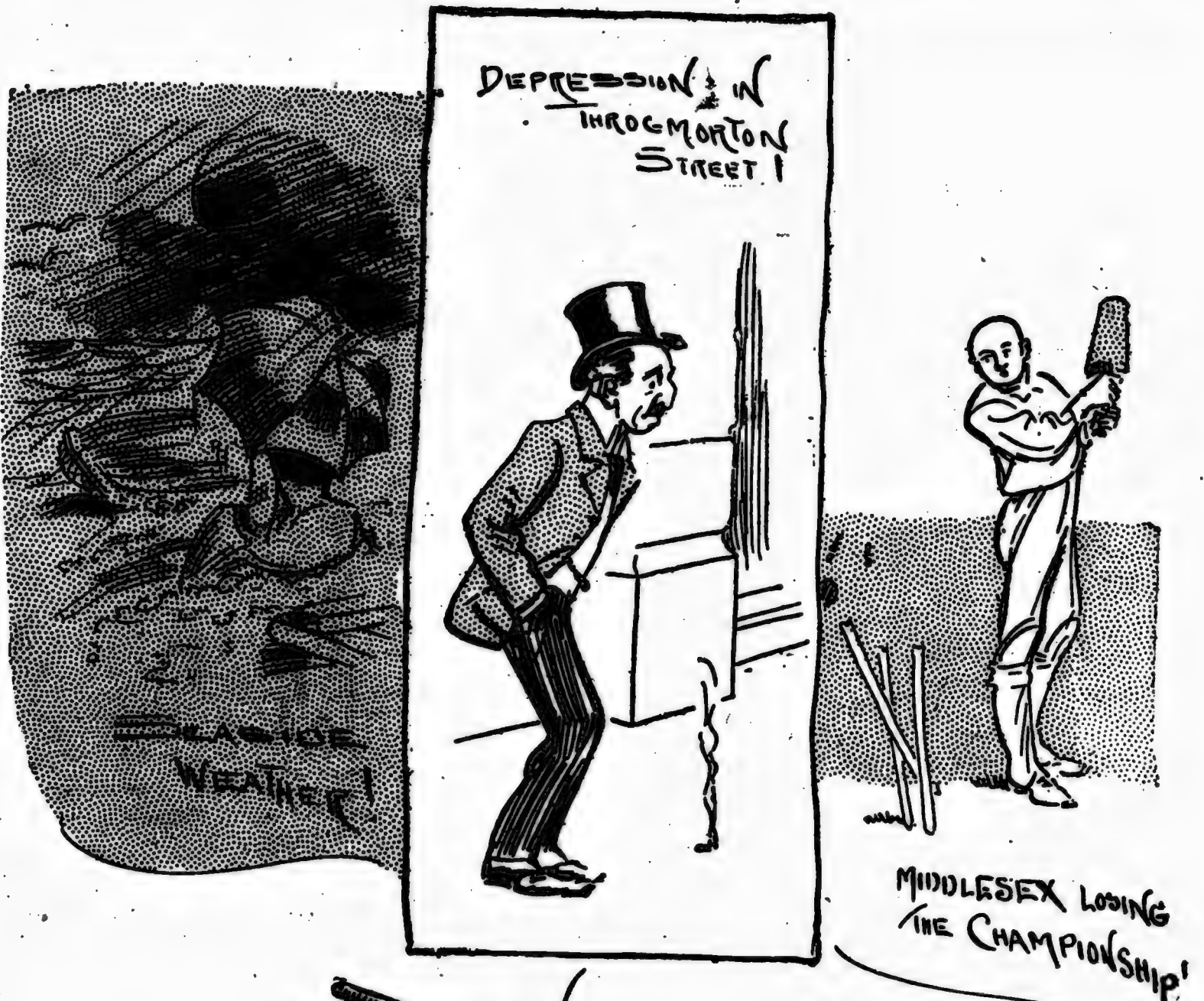
To Dr. Joseph Simms, New York.

Sir,—I don't know you, but I recently received a parcel wrapped in a portion of the *Express*, and found your name upon it. I see that you are described as a scientist, and therefore much may be forgiven you. I presume, also, that your "Silly Season" must be in full swing, or surely such absurd theories as yours would never obtain a hearing even in America. You say, "We think with our toes and with our fingers just as much as we think with any portion of our brain." Well, you may, and without straining your extremities overmuch either. Further, you remark that "the brain is a great heat-producer," which no doubt accounts for swelled heads, red hair, red noses, and other singular phenomena. Again, you point out that the brains of many idiots are large. What sized hat do you wear yourself? But, seriously, don't you think—with your toes, if you prefer—that you might employ your time more profitably? What does it matter how we think, so long as we do think? You are a pretty sort of scientist, "I don't think," to quote a classic phrase. Speaking personally, my toes think they would like to kick you.

JOHN BULL.

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IN THE CITY.

THE DRY ROT IN CASSELL'S.

Shareholders in Cassell's must be a long-suffering race of men. Every year the company's prospects become more gloomy, and yet the annual meetings pass with a minimum of complaint. Why is it that a concern with an historic name, and possessing several old-established periodicals, should fall behind most other firms? The answer is simple: because the business system is grotesquely absurd. Will it be credited that one of the "editors" was paid a thousand a year for twenty years, and only looked in at the office once a fortnight? Or that another editor was allowed to book himself through a literary agency for the serial stories of the periodical he edited—this for four years ahead? Or that the price paid for every ordinary contribution was three or four times the usual market rate? Or that manuscripts submitted to the firm for consideration were solemnly entered in a huge volume, and then as solemnly returned to their senders often without being looked at? Scores of pages of this volume may be turned over without finding a single contribution marked as accepted. Shareholders should call at the offices and verify this for themselves. It is even said that the first series of the most successful detective stories ever known is chronicled among the many thousands of Messrs. Cassell's rejections. Whilst Messrs. Pearson and Harmsworth cultivate the unknown author—because he is cheap—Cassel's ignored every one till he was famous. Consequently the former purchased a writer's best and freshest work for one or two guineas a thousand words, whilst the latter paid enormously higher rates for anything the known author chose to rake out of his waste paper basket. Unless the shareholders wish the downward career of the company to continue they should insist on an overhauling of the management, for though it has improved of late, there is much to be done before it will be up-to-date.

UNIFORMITY IN COMPANY LAW.

One of the subjects considered by the Colonial Conference was the differences in the Company Laws of the Empire, and the need for securing greater uniformity in this respect. The Board of Trade has since issued a comparative analysis of the Company Laws of the United Kingdom, India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and there has just been passed an Amending Bill, whilst a Consolidating Bill will in due course form a code of the law of Joint Stock Companies in the United Kingdom. When this has been done Indian and Colonial Governments may consider that the time has arrived for revising their own laws relating to companies on similar lines, and the need for it in the Colonies is not less than in the Mother country. Canada is the most prolific in its Company Laws. It has nine systems, contained in seventy-five Acts and ordinances; Australia is a good second with forty-six Acts of Parliament and six different systems of Company Law, whilst South Africa has five different systems contained in twenty-one Acts, laws and ordinances. India and New Zealand each have only two Acts dealing with this subject. Thus we have a total of twenty-two different systems of Company Law contained in 145 Acts, laws, and ordinances for India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. If, says our able contemporary, the *Monetary Times*, of Toronto, you desire to register a company in the various provinces of Canada, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, the authorities would require you to state the situation of the registered office. New Brunswick, Manitoba, and Prince Edward Island would not ask this information. Again, the Provincial Secretary in three provinces does not require the list of directors; in the six other provinces this information must be filed. British Columbia does not ask incorporators of joint stock companies to file a prospectus. Nova Scotia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and British Columbia stipulate that contracts must be filed with the authorities. These are a few instances of differences in the Company Laws of the Dominion.

In some cases amendments of the Law of Joint Stock Companies contained in the Act just passed by Parliament already form part of the existing law of India or the Colonies. For example, the proposal that every company

shall be compelled to file annually with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies a balance-sheet of assets and liabilities has been part of the law of India since 1882, and of the Colony of Victoria since 1896. New Zealand, again, has, by the Act of 1903, forestalled the proposal to differentiate companies into private and public companies, the former class being limited in the number of its members, and being freed from some of the obligations which apply to public companies. Though absolute uniformity is not practicable a much greater measure of uniformity and simplicity might exist than is at present the case in this branch of mercantile law. Probably it is in the direction of increased facilities for acquiring information concerning companies that a step towards uniformity would be commercially most useful, a step which could be taken without causing any disturbance to trade. The same information as to the affairs of the company might be easily made accessible whether the company was registered in the United Kingdom or elsewhere within the Empire. At present there is much divergence of law and practice in this respect. The assimilation of the Law of Companies throughout the Empire would be a great convenience to the mercantile community generally, and would tend to increase the confidence of the home investor in companies registered in India and in the Colonies.

A PHILANTHROPIC COMPANY.

A Leeds reader, who is also a solicitor, sends us a post-card which he thinks may interest us. It does. It is from the British Empire Trust Company, Ltd., of 34, Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, E.C. The British Empire Trust Company is much concerned at the "recent Jarrow, Colne Valley, and North Staffordshire elections." In the opinion of the Trust, they have made it apparent that "a Socialistic wave is threatening all vested interests in Great Britain, and renders home investments dangerous." For this reason the British Empire Trust Company, Ltd., offers to forward, free of charge, a "list of all particulars, reports, and so on, of selected colonial and foreign investments yielding from 3½ per cent. to 6 per cent."

And since there are cynics who may think that the Trust has some fish of its own to fry, it proceeds to give the following assurance:—

N.B.—The British Empire Trust Company, Ltd., does not carry on a stockbroking business or buy or sell securities for commission, but is at the disposal of the public to furnish gratuitously, and without expense of any sort, information concerning Colonial companies. They will not undertake to deal in securities for the public, who must employ their stockbrokers in the ordinary manner.

There is philanthropy for you! And who are the guiding spirits of the British Empire Trust Company, Ltd., this philanthropic enterprise that desires to guard the British public, at its own expense, from rogues and knaves?

TWO IN ONE.

A correspondent complains that "Martin Bull," the Outside Broker to whom we have frequently referred in these columns, is "a perfect pest" to him. Our correspondent says that he has had three wires from him in a single day, although he has repeatedly told him to stop wiring or communicating with him in any way. As if this nuisance is not enough, our correspondent complains that he is pestered in similar fashion by J. B. McKenzie. "Martin Bull" addresses from Federal House, 7, Fenchurch Place, E.C., and J. B. McKenzie from 23, Rood Lane, E.C. Each describes himself as "Stock Broker and Dealer," and our correspondent says they are one and the same person. Here is the sort of telegram that this man sends, the reply pre-paid:—

To-morrow, whether stock rises or falls, you will receive £30 dividend for every 20 Aitchisons bought to-day. Do not neglect this good opportunity, but wire quickly amount remitting.

Disgusted with these impertinent communications, and thinking that men who try to entrap the unwary and ignorant in this way, that is to say, by impudent and deliberate misrepresentation, deserve to be dealt with as rogues, our correspondent sent on the papers to the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard, and was told in reply that they had been "referred to the Commissioner City of London Police, Old Jewry, E.C., within whose jurisdiction the address in question is situated." In due course our correspondent received a communication from that office which ran as follows:—

Your letter of 7th inst. to New Scotland Yard has been sent to this office with its enclosures, and I have to acquaint you that the particulars have been noted; but, unfortunately, the law does not empower the police to initiate any action in the matter.

Is it not time that the law should be altered so as to bring people of this type within its reach?

AMERICAN RAILROADS AND FREE PASSES.

Our New York contemporary, *The Financial World*, has some remarks on this subject that may be usefully quoted.

HOW to INCREASE your INCOME

STRIKING SUCCESS!

Write at Once for Pamphlet (sent free on mentioning this paper.)

The City and Westminster Exchange, Ltd.

Stock and Share Dealers,

Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W.

Telephone Nos. 517 Westminster, and 745 Gerrard.

Telegraphic Address, "Stockwork," London.

If, it says, the railroads would make known the full value in dollars of the free transportation they have given away, it will form highly interesting and amusing information. It may confirm the impression held by usually well-posted people that the passes given annually to State and local officials, to judges, legislators, their families and political henchmen, amount to about \$100,000,000. As the annual receipts of all railroads from passenger traffic amount to \$500,000,000, the free pass business has robbed the railroads of 20 per cent. of their legitimate revenues, or 3 per cent. of all the annual receipts of the railroad companies of the country. Positive knowledge of this would more fully explain the extent of the wrath of the "people" against the railroads, which has recently swept the country. The more "dead-heads" have been hurt by discontinuance of the pass nuisance, the louder, of course, must have become the outcry against the "railroad trust." The Interstate Commerce Commission has it in its power to call upon the railroads for a statement of the amount of free transportation issued in 1906. If it would do it, the information obtained by it will explain many things, among them to what extent the railroads have been milked to the detriment of their shareholders, why in some localities the "outcry" against the railroads kings has been especially great, and why the long-slumbering indignation of legislators has resulted in such a violent outbreak as we have witnessed this year—the first "no free pass" year.

PREMIUM BOND FLY PAPERS.

We have previously referred to the misleading "editorial advertisements" which the weekly journals of the *Answers* and *Homes Notes* type are inserting with regard to foreign premium bonds. *Tit-Bits*, which is offering bonds as prizes, is the latest offender. An article is published signed by "Harold Coutts," which quotes "the powerful authority of the Editor of *Tit-Bits*," who, as far as the ordinary reader of that journal is concerned, is Sir George Newnes. This article advises the purchase of the non-dividend paying Panama Bonds at £8, whereas they can be obtained on the Paris Bourse—or through any fair-dealing London broker—at a little over £4. "All you have to do," says Mr. "Coutts," "is to invest your £8," and the "bonuses are £135,600 per annum." Another editorial advertisement of the International Securities Syndicate appears in *Answers* in the form of an article signed by "Clement Beech." Again Panamas are offered at £8, and readers are told that their "money is absolutely safe," that their "capital can be realised at will," that "any banker will give the value of the bond in gold." Yes, but the point is that the value is not £8, but £4 8s.!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—HUMPHREY HAYES (Birmingham).—The wastepaper basket is the place for all such rubbish. L. L. (Buckton).—They are quite unworthy of confidence. Jas. P. Carr (Glasgow).—If you will gamble, the people you name are as good as any.

J. G. GRAVES.—J. T. (Pentonville).—Have nothing to do with these people.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—DURHAM. —You must be a very new reader, or you would know that we do not recommend dealings with these people.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—C. A. E. —If you want to buy, you should go to the Credit Lyonnais, of Cockspur Street. C. G. W. (Portland).—Have nothing to do with the people you name. If you want to buy these bonds, which we do not recommend, follow the advice given to C. A. E. We know nothing about the other scheme to which you refer.

J. G. (Holsworthy).—The Credit Lyonnais, of Cockspur Street, would do what you want in the way of purchase.

COALITION.—SALOFIAN (Shrewsbury).—Opinions vary a good deal as to the prospects of the company. The shares represent a very speculative investment. A. M. —We should sell. As to liability whilst you are a holder of the shares, you are liable for the calls. You cannot get rid of liability by sacrificing the money you have paid.

METROPOLITAN CONSOLIDATED.—METRO (Wealdstone).—We do not recommend you to purchase this stock. The company has to face many difficulties. But probably the price will go higher again.

FRENCH RHODESIAN AND TRANSVAAL EXPLORATION SYNDICATE.—RATBRIDGER (Kew).—Why not call and see the secretary and insist upon an explanation? If you do, let us know the result.

ZINC CORPORATIONS.—J. S. (Sheppalstone).—We think not.

LIMESTONE SHARES.—H. R. (Orickwood).—There are no dealings in them.

RAILWAY COMPANIES AND CUSTOMERS.—INQUIRER (Luton).—We fear we cannot be of any assistance to you in the matter. Might not a temperate representation to the Midland Railway Company effect the readjustment you think your due?

INSURANCE BOOK.—A REGULAR READER OF "JOHN BULL" (Hall).—We regret that we can be of no service to you in the matter.

PETROLEUM SHARES.—R. W. (St. Albans).—We see at present little likelihood of improvement.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—H. G. M. (Pontypriid).—You should go to one of the building societies who would advance you from three-fourths to seven-eighths of the money you want, subject to approval of the purchase.

VARIOUS SECURITIES.—A. L. (Wainfleet).—We see little likelihood of early improvement in any of the securities in your list, and we should be inclined to get rid of all of them upon the first favourable opportunity.

BANKING BANK.—B. D. (Hall).—Yes, we "consider it a reliable bank." In fact, there is no bank of its kind in a stronger financial position in the United Kingdom.

VOELKESBANK.—H. L. (Birmingham) and G. J. O. (Hammersmith).—If the company is wound up, practically the whole of the loss will fall upon the promoters. We do not see that, in all the circumstances, you have much to complain of.

HUDSON BARS.—W. A. B. J. (New Brighton).—Yes, we think they are a sound investment, but quite high enough at present. However, they are pretty certain to go higher again.

AUDITORS AND COMPANY ACCOUNTS.—A. M. O. (East Sheen).—We have no reason to suppose that "it is a common practice for auditors of company accounts to accept letters from directors or other officials of the company stating that they hold in trust for the company certain shares or securities of investments in company stocks and so on, and that on the faith of such letters acknowledging the trust auditors are in the habit of giving a certificate to the effect that they have verified the securities." Quite possibly this hanky-panky kind of thing is done occasionally, but not, so far as we know, often.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE.—W. H. D. (Nottingham).—The best results are obtained by two companies, one the Legal and General—a British office—the other the Mutual of Australasia. Assuming a premium of £10 per annum, and the age of entry 30, the Legal and General grants a policy of £198 at issue which amounts, according to the bonuses declared at the latest valuation, to £285 at age 50. The bonuses are added every five years, and an interim bonus is given to those policies which become claims within those periods. The next best office is the Australian company named above. In this office a premium of £10 purchases a policy of £220 at issue, which according to past results amounts to £283 at maturity. This is £3 less than the result in the former company, but the initial amount of insurance is £22 greater. Although Australian in origin, the office issues policies and pays claims from the London office without reference to Australia.

NON-TARIFF OFFICES.—INSURANCE (Stone).—Among the non-tariff offices, and those which offer special concessions or lower rates, are the Fine Art and General, the National Burglary and Fire, the Car and General, the Hearts of Oak and General, and the General and Suffolk Equitable.

IMPROVEMENT FOR DIRT.—A. M. D. (Leeds).—We are obliged by your letter, but we cannot give further space to the matter at present.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—T. G. would like to buy a £25 or £50 bond of this association from any one of our readers who may have one to sell. We shall be happy to give the address if the reader will communicate with us. Moonraker (King Henry's Road).—We have your letter, which is noted. We shall be glad to hear from you in due course.

FELTHAM'S BANK.—I. O. G. (Whitstable).—We know nothing about the bank, if bank it be. The newspaper puff is rubbish.

UNITED PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—M. F. M. (Manchester).—We know nothing against it.

FIVE POUNDS IN GOLD.—H. B. O. (S. Shields).—The waste-paper basket is the place for the circular.

TWO MINING SHARES.—TROJAN (Blackpool).—Both are highly speculative, and we cannot advise you to buy either.

TANGANYIKA.—NOVICE (Sheffield).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

PREPARATION OF PROSPECTUS.—W. B. (Hammersmith).—You can find a specimen prospectus in almost any daily paper. Edgingham Wilson, of Threadneedle Street, would supply you with a book containing the information you want.

CONDUCTOR OF MANAGING DIRECTOR.—A. D. (Oxford Circus).—You must send us (in confidence) the name of the director to whom you refer and the company with which he is associated if you wish us to deal with the matter.

BROOKER-PHILL AND LANE.—A. H. S. (Stratford).—We cannot agree with you that the company has been a "swindle from the first." Prospectus promises have not been fulfilled, but that is very far from swindling. As to whether you should join the proposed reconstruction, we cannot advise you to do so. We do not see anything in the scheme to encourage the belief that the new company will be more successful than the old.

TWO SHARES.—O. H. (Glasgow).—It would be a very speculative purchase, but at a price might be worth doing.

EQUITABLE HOUSE PROPERTY COMPANY, LTD.—O. J. W. (Peterborough).—We know nothing against it.

DURHAM, LTD.—E. A. O. (Abergele).—The capital of the company is not as you say it was represented to you to be, £103,000, but £20,000, divided into shares of £1 each. Only one of the names you give as that of the board appears on the papers at Somerset House, where the directors are given as:—Ohas. Fredk. Pearce and James Field, described as directors of public companies, and Thos. Daniel Kelly, described as an engineer. The Company was registered on August 31st, 1906, and the latest date on the file at Somerset House is December 28th of that year. The vendor appears to have been Mr. Thos. Daniel Kelly, who, as "part consideration for the sale of certain patent rights pursuant to agreement dated August 6th, 1906," received 10,000 fully-paid shares. The company is registered without articles of association, and the rights handed to the company by Kelly appear to have been "certain patents for the making and repairing of roads." At the date of the last return to Somerset House no shares had been allotted other than those of the seven signatories, and the 10,000 shares handed to Mr. Kelly, who, by the way, is also manager of the company; the secretary being Mr. D. Waldron Jones, then of 69, Shakespeare Road, Herne Hill. We know nothing whatever about what business, if any, the company is doing.

WARING AND GILLOW.—W. F. (West Dulwich).—We are obliged by your letter. The £279,549 represents goodwill. The freehold and leasehold properties, less mortgages and other prior charges, are represented by the item £743,115. We quite agree with what you say on other points, but for the moment we have said our say in our remarks of a fortnight ago.

COPPER SHARES.—E. H. (Ochichester).—All very speculative purchases.

HENRY MAY.—INQUIRY (Brighton).—We have no information respecting Mr. Hy. May, stores merchant, Sand Pitts, Birmingham.

REDEMPTION OF CONSOLS.—J. G. H. (Bow).—(1) We note the reminder sent you by the Post Office to the effect that "Consolidated stock which bore dividends at the rate of 22 1/2 per cent. per annum interest on April 5th, 1903, now bears dividends at the rate of £3 10s. per cent. per annum, in accordance with the provisions of the National Debt (Conversion) Act, 1898. Under the same Act the stock will be redeemable, as Parliament may direct, on or after April 5th, 1923." The information seems a little belated, but it is undeniably true. (2) The National Penny Bank is quite safe.

PRICE OF CONSOLS.—O. F. (Bath).—All the leading papers quote the price of Consols daily. As to when will be the best time to sell, we see little likelihood of any early and substantial improvement in price.

STOCKS AND SHARES.—H. A. S. (Dublin).—We regret that we cannot recommend a book that will enable you to "talk intelligently upon stocks and shares and Stock Exchange quotations," if by "intelligently" you mean wisely, but Edgingham Wilson, of Threadneedle Street, E.C., sell more than one which would give you an excellent idea of the way in which Stock Exchange business is conducted. We strongly advise you, however, to stick to your own business, in which you seem to be doing well, and not to waste time and money in Stock Exchange speculation.

PURCHASE OF BONDS.—A. F. (Kildare).—You cannot recover the money you have paid. Your better way is to pay the balance and get the bond.

THREE SHARES.—BLOOMSBURY. —We see no advantage in buying any one of the three shares you name.

NATIONAL MOTOR MAIL COACH COMPANY, LTD.—W. W. (Tooting).—We think not. Do not trouble yourself about the calls. They will be made quickly enough.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—W. M. (Cardiff).—So far as we know, the people are solvent and conduct their business fairly, but we never recommend deposits where the rate of interest promised is 10 per cent.

RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS.—ONE WHO KNOWS (Manchester).—We are obliged by your second letter with its enclosures. We have still to ask you to send us in confidence your name and address.

THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHL.

XXII.—THE SAMENESS OF HOLIDAY RESORTS.

I have cursed the weather till I am tired of cursing it. If I stay to curse it any longer I shall never get out of the hurly burly at all, though the doctor says if I do not vanish I shall soon have need of him once every weekday and twice on Sundays. So my pseudonym is Hookey Walker.

Where to go? Ask me an easier one. Just at this moment I would give as much as twopence if somebody would tell me of one holiday resort which is different from any other holiday resort. Must have change of air and scene, says that medico. Short of trying a balloon or a coal mine it is a problem where to get them.

You will tell me there is the "seaside." Well, I have seen that sea before. I have seen it as smooth as a quarter of Dutch cheese, and when the stormy winds do blow. Shipped its noble billows down my back while I fed it with five-franc lunches and ten-franc dinners. Seen it by daylight, moonlight, starlight, gaslight, and searchlight. Sailed its mountains high and chasms deep. Drank it, bathed in it, and shivered in it; and if it can do anything I haven't seen it do thousands of times before, I shall be glad to know where I can get a seat for the performance.

I have also seen the sands, walked on them, sat on them, made houses and castles and things out of them, and taken them home in my shoes. Walked round and round the bandstand, sat listening to the music, paid a penny for the seat, and never yet heard a new tune. Gone with the crowd to stand round the jolly boys and the niggers, who sing the old, old songs every time. Walked along the promenade, noted all the latest fashions, and met dear old friends who wanted to borrow money. Sojourned at a "Boarding Establishment," been shunted to bed at 11 p.m., risen for the scrimmage at breakfast, and know the menus for lunch and dinner by heart. Stayed at the Grand Hotel till the waiter frightened me out with the bill. Bicycled round the town and tried all its liquid refreshments. Gone for half-crown rides in chais-à-bancs, been wheeled in a bath-chair, hired the same old victoria driven by the same old horse, and paid the same old price for the same old shake.

Even this does not exhaust the programme. I have seen the pier, been to the concerts, fished from the jetty, and returned home without either boil or fry. Been out for a sail, strolled along the cliffs, seen the carpet gardens, know all the flowers, gathered seaweed, gone out shrimping, sat on the breakwater, hired a bathing-machine, got up early of a morning, climbed the everlasting hills, had a chat with the policeman on the beat, stood him a drink, lost money on *petits chevaux*, *roulette*, and *trente et quarante*. Now, as I say, I am seeking change of air and scene. The scene is always the same; when you have had air, hot, cold, and middling, there does not seem a deal of room for any other sort. The "seaside" is all very well, but what I am seeking is something new in seashores—something with a dry sea, and a liquid promenade, and a band with new tunes. It is a million pounds to a gooseberry I shall not find it.

You say, Why not try a Spa? I know that Spa. I never pay my money and take my choice without thinking of the fate of the family as recorded on the epitaph in, I think, Cheltenham churchyard:—

*Here lie I and my three daughters,
We died of drinking the Cheltenham waters;
Had we stuck to the Epsom salts,
We shouldn't be dead in these here vaults.*

From Harrogate through to Bilin, Ems, Carlsbad, Marienbad, Franzenbad, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, and Homburg, one Spa is as much like another as one seaside is like another. If the cure isn't carbonic acid and bicarbonate of soda, it is sulphate of soda and common salt, and you can get a lot of this stuff for threepence at the chemist's shop round the corner for either bath or beverage, and enjoy it at home. At the Spas you get up of a morning at about 6.30 and rush with the crowd to the pump-room. It is the same old pump-room, and the same old drink, and the same old crowd with the same old troubles every time. If you give a wide berth to somebody with chronic rheumatism, you stumble across somebody else with the gout. When you've picked yourself up you run over a man or a woman with diabetes, or dyspepsia, or catarrh, or hysteria, or jaundice, or anæmia, or neuralgia, or scrofula; and if you want a change of scene you have to rush round to find somebody with an awful bad cough or a shocking bad liver. See the procession every day walking out, hopping out, driving out, or being wheeled out. Meet it in the restaurant, in the smoking-rooms, and on the hotel steps. Get to know all the fat men who want to be thin, and all the thin men

who want to be fat. Sit at the same old tables or the same old seats, or walk up and down the same old promenade. If you give it a miss for ten years you find the air and the scene exactly as you left it, while the men and women with the gout, or the rheumatism, or the dyspepsia, are still living, still enduring, still promenading, and still in search of the same old cure.

I don't know what is the matter with the world. Every place in it gets more like itself every year; and when the doctors order us change of scene and air, it seems to me they should be told, if they do not know, that there is no more air and scene to change within a reasonable distance of Charing Cross. Possibly you can buy something new in Tibet, or Darkest Africa, or back of the moon; but I doubt it.

"YE MERCHANTMEN OF NOD."

BY "MURREL."

And the fame of the acts of Rufride the Avenueite, and all that he did, and his might, and how he fought with the Trustites, began to spread throughout all the land of Columbia.

Then arose the Cannites, and the Tinnites, who took counsel among themselves, saying—

"Of a truth, before this man there was none like unto him, who hath built forts round about us from whence he doth besiege us with all his host, and every great man amongst us will be bind with fetters of brass, and carry us into captivity. Let us take much gold, even without weight, and build us high places in all our cities, from whence one Dollarus can defy all the chroniclers of Columbia."

And when Rufride the Avenueite saw the giant Dollarus in an armour of pure gold he feared greatly, and his men fled from him.

Then came one, Singclear the Novelite, who said unto Rufride, "Let not your heart fail because of him, for thy servant will fight this Dollarus with a quill, and smite him."

And Singclear prevailed against Dollarus with a quill and a scroll, and the people of the land pursued the Cannites and the Tinnites with arrows dipped in sathigher, and sent a proclamation unto all the lands of Columbia and Gaul, saying—

"Behold Singclear the Novelite hath declared unto us the sins of the Cannites, and whoso shall trade with them must surely suffer."

And even unto the river Thamus went the proclamation, whereupon the wares of the Cannites could scarce be seen in the high places of the land of Gaul.

But the Baggites, and the Caterites, and the Generalites began to wax sad, for they saw one Turnover, their King, waxing sick unto death.

Then one man arose from among the Baggites, and went into the land of the Luddites until he came unto a garrison of the Generalites, and said unto them:

"Why have ye hid in your heart the proclamation from Columbia, and kept even unto this day the wares of the Cannites?"

But Tacitus, a Generalite, who was slicing the beef of the Cannites as he declared his loyalty to Turnover, the King, pronounced also his distrust of Singclear even the servant of Rufride.

And the men of Gaul were greatly ashamed, and they did dig up the hidden wares of the Cannites and the Tinnites, and did set them on high for sale.

And the sickness of Dollarus was healed, and he came forth in might to tear down the proclamation from the city gates.

And the Tinnites shouted with trumpets that the garrisons in Columbia were strengthened, and the forts rebuilt, and the garrisons of the Generalites and Caterites rejoiced greatly.

Howbeit some did not harken, but did again exalt the proclamation of enmity to Turnover the King.

And the rest of the acts of the "Merchantmen of the Land of Nod" are they not written in the Books of the Chronicles by one Federus the Luddite, and recorded in the Book of the Chronicles of the Houses of Eastcheap?

WEEK-ENDS OUT OF TOWN.—Cheap tickets, available from Friday, Saturday or Sunday, to Sunday, Monday or Tuesday, are issued from certain London stations by South Eastern and Chatham Railway to Folkestone, Hythe, Canterbury, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Littlestone, Deal, Sandwich, Herne Bay, Dover, Tunbridge Wells, Bexhill-on-Sea, Hastings and St. Leonards. For intending visitors across the water, cheap week-end tickets are issued from London to Paris (every Saturday until October 26), Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, Flushing, etc. Particulars as to trains and fares can be had on application at any of the Company's stations.

THE GREATEST OF ALL LIMERICKS

First Prize
£3 PER WEEK
FOR LIFE.

First Prize
£3 PER WEEK
FOR LIFE.

Think What it Means to You!

£3 PER WEEK FOR LIFE

Mr. J. Samuda's Great Limerick Competition may make you independent as long as you live.

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

NO RISK.

GUARANTEED PENSION.

Absolute

Fairness

Assured.

THE COMPETITION.

This is certainly the greatest of all the Limerick competitions. Mr. Samuda will pay £3 per week for life to the actual winner—as consolation prizes he will give £25 each to the solutions deemed second and third in merit by the judges, and to the next in order of merit he will give six prizes of £5 each, also 10 special prizes of £1 each.

WHAT £3 PER WEEK MEANS.

Try and realise what £3 per week would mean to you. Every week you would receive £3—it would keep you in sickness or health. If you go on working it will double your income at a stroke. It is an income that will provide you with every luxury you now forego, a better house, better food, better clothes, a better time. You would not have to fear sickness or accident, old age, poverty, or neglect.

THE OBJECT.

Mr. Samuda is the well-known manufacturer of the celebrated "Avoca" Cigars, Cigarettes, etc., and he has recently placed on the market a new Virginia Cigarette, the "Traylee" Cigarette, which is sold in boxes of 100 at 2s. 6d. As all readers will understand, it is most costly to successfully place any new Cigarette on the market. Most firms spend tens of thousands of pounds before they secure a regular sale. After careful consideration Mr. Samuda decided to establish this Limerick Competition for the express purpose of bringing the "Traylee" Cigarettes prominently before the notice of the British public.

THE CONDITIONS.

The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, together with a postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. postage, 2s. 8d. in all. Most men smoke Cigarettes, and most men pay 2s. 6d. per 100, even if they buy them in packets of 10 for 3d. at their tobacconist. As the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarette is far superior to any other Cigarette sold at this price, each competitor gets full value for his money, and without

additional cost, outlay or risk, has an opportunity of winning a life-long independency. Every man who smokes Cigarettes should try as a matter of course. It costs him nothing.

THE JUDGES. ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS GUARANTEED.

As this is a special competition, and not a weekly feature, every line submitted will be carefully judged by an independent committee, including the Editor of a well-known literary journal. In this way competitors can rest assured that the best line will win. There will be no element of chance about the award, for the judging and consideration of the solutions rest entirely with the independent committee, who have not the slightest interest in this business.

SOLUTIONS SHOULD BE SENT IN AT ONCE.

As the committee do not wish their work to be crowded into the last few days of the competition, competitors are earnestly requested to post their orders and solutions at the earliest possible moment.

IMPORTANT.

Any number of solutions may be sent in, providing each solution is accompanied by a separate order for 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes and the price, including postage, 2s. 8d. Additional lines should be written clearly on a plain sheet of notepaper and pinned to the entry form. Competitors are specially requested not to write letters, as the committee of judges will not have time to read or answer same.

YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.

All orders will be executed in strict rotation, and the cigarettes will be dispatched at the earliest possible moment. If any competitor after having tried, say, five of the cigarettes, does not consider them better in quality than any other cigarette he has purchased at the same price, he can return the broken box and have his money refunded; but in such cases it is distinctly understood that the solution sent in is thereby cancelled and annulled. This offer only holds good to within seven days of the closing of the competition.

A FINAL WORD.

Smokers should remember that in sending their order for 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes they secure full value for their remittance, and their chance to win the huge prize of £3 per week for life, or one of the many consolation prizes, does not cost them a single penny. Mr. Samuda fully realises that the quality of the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes when once tried will secure regular smokers and numerous recommendations, so although he cannot expect to realise at the outset more than one-tenth of his investment, he feels confident permanent trade will be established, and in the course of a few years' time the original outlay will thus be covered.

TO WIVES, MOTHERS, AND SISTERS.

Almost every day your husband, son, brother, or fiance buys cigarettes. Why not insist upon his purchasing 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes and let you enter this competition? Think it over! It may mean your being independent for the rest of your life.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

In the interests of competitors the following points are worth remembering:—

1. An independent committee of judges will decide.
2. Every Limerick sent in will be read and carefully considered.
3. The results will be announced in the "Daily Mail," the "Daily Express," and the "Daily Telegraph," on Thursday, October 24th, 1907.
4. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
5. The winner's weekly income will commence from the date the competition closes, and cheque will be forwarded on the first of each month afterwards.
6. No member of the firm, employee, or friend of any member or employee, will be eligible to compete.

Any number of solutions may be sent, providing each is accompanied by a separate order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, and the price, 2s. 8d.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.

ENTRY COUPON.

JOHN BULL

To the Limerick Committee,
c/o J. SAMUDA & CO.,
24, Londenhall Street, London, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send me post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage. If from any cause you cannot execute this order you are at liberty to return my solution and money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor.

Full Name.....

Postal Address.....

Town.....

N.B.—All Orders will be despatched in strict rotation.

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

That the "Traylee's" the Best Cigarette,
Is a tip that you cannot regret;
And in buying, I'll mention
There's a three-pound-a-week pension.

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Address Envelope—

The Limerick Committee,
c/o Messrs. J. SAMUDA & CO.,
24, Londenhall Street, London, E.C.

If more than one solution is sent write name on a pin piece of paper and pin to this entry form (see Rules).

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

OUR SEASIDE ENTERTAINMENTS.

The sea itself, the children and the ladies (dear creatures), are the best of seaside entertainments. After them, the boatmen and the Punch and Judy man. After these—a long way after these, and at odd times only—a good band is welcome. The Pierrot and the nigger I place last of all, as, perhaps, I ought to have put first of all good food and good drink; the former still far too infrequently found at reasonable prices in our most civilised popular resorts. I hold strong opinions on these matters, and I have a special down upon Pierrots and niggers. Recently, through the medium of this page, I thrust myself into a silly (and Silly Season) squabble between the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily News*. The readers of those far-famed papers were being asked to excite themselves on the problem of our future seaside entertainments. Were these to be provided by the Pierrot or the nigger? I said that I hear too many bad music-hall "artistes" in London to thirst for more, chalked and calicoed or burnt-corked, when I betake myself to the sad seashore. I was more discriminating than as a rule in my curses upon the things I do not like; I admitted that I had been pleased by one nigger troupe (amateur) and by several Pierrot troupes (professional). Yet this paltering has availed me not; and perhaps I had been well advised to go the whole hog. I praised specifically the Pierrot combinations organised or booked by one firm; I did not praise specifically the Pierrot combinations organised or booked by some other firms. Hence my dilemma.

THE PIERROT AS CRITIC.

The editor has received the following comely epistle from a partner in one of the Pierrot-supplying firms I did not praise in specific terms:—

I happen to be interested in a business which at this particular time of the year (so appropriately called the Silly Season) seems to attract the unwelcome attention of the cheap and nasty journalist. I say unwelcome, because although my business is one that thrives on publicity, I do not appreciate the attentions of penny-a-liners who haven't the least idea what they are writing about. I may say that I am part-proprietor in a well-known "Pierrot" enterprise, and for years past have been divided between amusement and annoyance when I have read the poisonous piffle that has been published in various journals by editors who really should know better. Imagine, therefore, my surprise, when JOHN BULL, usually so entertaining and informative, published a ridiculous article in last week's issue under the heading "Among the Mummerys," which should, by rights, have been issued from Carmelite House. Let me give your contributor a few facts from "one who knows."

- (1) The word Pierrot is a proper noun, and should be spelt with a capital P.
- (2) Amongst the "off-scourings of the halls" appearing with my firm this season are Bransby Williams and Malcolm Scott, to both of whom we are paying the oft-quoted "cabinet minister's salary."
- (3) As many as nine artistes appearing with my firm have been in *one bill* at the London Pavilion.
- (4) More than forty artistes now commanding star salaries have appeared in the last ten years as "Pierrots" with my firm.

Lastly, when we desire a cheap advertisement, we are quite willing to pay for it, so, if you publish this letter, I will ask you to allow me to subscribe myself simply "PIERROT."

Evidently Pierrot imagines that he knows nearly as much about me as I do really know about him; and I am sorry that a spasm of modesty and a hatred of free advertisement that are somewhat unprofessional have lead him to conceal the name of so accomplished a literary artist from the eye of the general public.

FLAPDOODLE AND FACT.

Because, as is so often the case in the advocate of a vested interest pricked on the soft part of a practical joke, "Pierrot" misses the whole point of my contention. Of course, "Pierrot" is (or was) a proper noun, like "boycott," and should be (or was once) spelt with a capital P. Perhaps, as it is the French for Little Peter, it ought to be italicised or quoted also. That is neither here nor there. Nor is the delicate suggestion in the tail of "Pierrot's" letter that I was anxious to give a friendly lead to Messrs. Keith, Prowse, when I mentioned that firm, at all pertinent. As a matter of fact, I do not know Keith, Prowse at all, and I do know Pierrot very well indeed, when he is unchalked and, so to say, a mere human being. The question at issue is not whether the Pierrot is worse now than he used to be, or better, whether he is more scarce or more numerous, less popular or increasingly so. It is whether the average Pierrot is a weariness to me personally, instead of a joy. On this point I speak with an authority which no financially-interested partisan can destroy. That there are good as well as bad Pierrots I admit; indeed, I recited the names

of several good Pierrot combinations in the article now discussed, and then added, generously: "If all Pierrots were, like these and a few others, organised by Messrs. Keith, Prowse [who had been defending the Pierrot boom in the *Daily News*], and one or two less-known managements in the same line ['Pierrot's,' for instance], I should be more elated than I am to learn on the highest authority that the number of Pierrots is growing larger year by year." In fact, I said, and say again, that most of the Pierrots I have seen are tiresome and not amusing, although there are exceptions; and, unconsciously, my gentle correspondent confirms this view.

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

"Pierrot's" firm has Pierrot and vaudeville shows each summer at eight different resorts. In ten years they have employed, he says, "more than forty artistes now commanding star salaries." Divide forty by eight, and five by ten. It is a simple sum! The margin of talent to be engaged for the filling of "Pierrot's" programmes during ten weary years will allow of quite a lot of second-rate people who were more amiably employed in shrimping or selling sherbert than in striving against their natural bent to be entertaining. I am open to agree that "Pierrot's" seaside shows are better than most; and although his qualities as polite letter-writer might give you a different impression, I know that he is quite a clever man and not at all a bad sort. And now I hope he will run away and play.

STIGGINS AT EASTBOURNE.

One had hoped that the liberty of the people to enjoy themselves simply and socially on Sundays by listening to band music—indoor and out—had been granted by our old enemy, Stiggins—grudgingly granted, but, still, granted. Evidently, however, this is not the case. The revelation has come to us from holy Eastbourne; and the example of that fashionable south coast resort will no doubt prove infectious. The *Daily Telegraph* had ventured an intelligent assumption. "Active opposition to Sunday concerts," it said, "has entirely disappeared." But the great organ was mistaken. It had reckoned without "A. H. S."—or was it "A. S. S."? This ridiculous person writes that "The opposition has not entirely, or by any means, disappeared, and the 'quality' of the music has nothing to do with the opposition. We object to Sunday concerts by whomsoever given, and even the personal support of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire will not remove such objections." The objection obviously is based on theological, or, rather, ecclesiastical grounds. At Eastbourne, as elsewhere, a section of the local ministry fears the competition of good music well performed. They know that if there is anywhere else for the younger inhabitants or the casual visitor to spend his Sabbath it will not be spent in listening to out-of-date doctrine badly expounded. The motive of the clerical opponent of Sunday music is economic as well as spiritual.

PARKS AND PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Oswald Crawford is a cultured and kindly old gentleman who has served the State, and been a publisher, and has stood more young authors a dinner than any other patron of letters in London. Lately he has been wandering about our parks at sundown, and he has noticed that the crowds look "bored." Even the young lovers on the seats look bored, he says. I have not noticed this myself; perhaps I have not looked into the matter closely enough. That most of the other folk in the parks of an evening—those few parks that are open late enough to be used by people who are neither Civil Servants, soldiers of the King, nursemaids, nor retired tradesmen—look bored is undeniable. Mr. Crawford wants to provide theatres in the parks to relieve their boredom. Mr. Crawford is not a regular theatre-goer. I am; therefore, I am against his scheme. Theatres have their uses and parks have theirs, and, primarily, the use of neither is, as Mr. Crawford seems to imagine, to ennoble and uplift. Indirectly, of course, both of them do this; but the park in particular must not become a recognised medium of moral reform and mental culture. In the afternoons the children from the slums may well be taken there and taught other games besides the heaving of bricks, and some vegetable wisdom beyond the differentiation of broccoli and cauliflower. At night what we want the parks to become is the recognised lounge of all classes of the population, well-lighted, well-policed, with refreshment chalets where men may get men's food and men's drink, with plenty of free seats, and free, bright music. We do not want theatres in the parks; we do want comfortable shelters where we can get a glass of whiskey and a decent cigar. The working people of London equally, I believe, would appreciate some development in the direction of the German beer-garden or the French café-chantant.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

"FOOTBALL CHAT" COMPETITIONS.—A large number of readers have called our attention to recent developments in regard to this matter, and to the use which has been made of certain extracts from our journal. We are looking into the whole subject very fully, in view of certain recent proceedings in the Law Courts, and are in communication with Mr. Windust upon various points.

"LIMERICKS."—Many readers continue to write to us respecting Limerick competitions. As already announced, we cannot devote further space to this matter. The Attorney-General has promised to look into any complaints which may be sent to the Public Prosecutor. We may also refer our friends to the article in this week's *Truth*.

S. R. (London, E.C.) says Crow's criticisms used to be really good, but objects to his denunciations of music. S. R. is mistaken in thinking he saw Jim in an old brown hat near the bandstand in Temple Gardens. Jim always passes round a battered topper.

"AMAZED" (Teddington) thinks that Mr. Byles, M.P., should have a biscuit for stating that "many letters containing Limerick coupons are not opened." As a matter of fact, the hon. member's statement was that the coupons were not opened. Trust the newspapers to shake out the P.O.'s.

"FAIRPLAY" (Leeds) thinks it is "as much use arguing with the Lords as with the ladies." Why is "Fairplay" so rough on the sex?

E. J. H. (Waldingham) sends us a copy of the *Biograph*, together with a circular from the proprietor explaining how, for a financial consideration, any nonentity may have his photograph and biography included in that journal. We have sent it on to Jim Crow.

C. W. T. (Hull) suggests that we should award ourselves a biscuit for speaking of Lord Halsbury as "the late Lord Chancellor." Why? Would he have us write "The late Lord Halsbury," or has he got it into his cranium that the two phrases are synonymous?

D. E. (Cambridge) wants us to award the *Cambridge Daily News* a biscuit for stating that at a recent military tournament "the men rode bare-backed and slipped from their horses and vaulted into the saddle." A bit mixed, perhaps, but then, horses are very accommodating; and no doubt they enjoyed the performance better than did their bare-backed riders.

G. S. P. (Capetown).—Very pleased to hear from you. We will consider your suggestions. Glad to know we are eagerly looked for by the Cape boys. What do you think of the Cullinan diamond?

E. S. (Worcester Park).—Thanks for interesting letter re "Farmers and Income-tax." We are dealing with the matter editorially.

M. G. (Edinburgh).—We do not advise you to emigrate to North Carolina. Give the old country another chance.

F. L. (Harlesden) thinks, *à propos* our recent open letter to C.B., that "if the Liberal party were shorn of its Grundies, Stigginses and Chadbands, there would be no Liberal party left." Rather rough on some of us!

W. H. (Birmingham).—We are sorry that on inquiry we do not feel justified in recommending the treatment in question.

R. E. H. (Ventnor) suggests that we should offer a prize for the best system of winning money on the Turf. Up to the present we have never come across any. If our readers are desirous of testing their skill, let them send along the baw-bees to us; we do not mind risking it.

B. S., JUNIOR (Forest Gate), wishes to direct attention to the silent sufferings of the Poles. We are just off for a few weeks to Carlsbad, where, at this time of the year, it is not uncommon to see large numbers of sad-faced, long-haired gentlemen taking the waters—whilst of an evening they congregate in a well-known restaurant and frequently join in the National Anthem, "Not yet is Poland lost." We will join in.

F. J. (Moston) sends reports from two halfpenny papers about a steeplejack's fall. One talks of his miraculous escape, and says, "he expects to resume work in a few days." The other says that "his back was broken, and that there was no hope of his recovering." Well, they can't both be true.

A. F. R. (Margate) says she is a little girl, eight years old, "not old enoph and clever enoph" to try for "Limericks" prizes. We should have thought her age rendered her peculiarly suitable for prize-winning.

D. O'S. (Knuttsford).—The chief constable seems to have been unduly officious.

T. W. R. (Balham).—We will look into the question of photo-faking.

F. T. (London, W.).—All halfpenny papers exaggerate sometimes.

S. G. R. (Brixton) is awfully good to regard us as "so just, unbiased, outspoken, humorous and sarcastic, and withal careful and thoughtful." S. G. R. is a born critic! When, however, he goes on to ask us whether we believe in God, and what faith we profess, we would remind him of Disraeli's reply when asked a somewhat similar question. "My religion," said he, "is that of every sensible man." And what may that be? the questioner proceeded. The retort was, "No sensible man ever tells."



Thanks for putting me on to the **Clemak Safety RAZOR** it's a jolly good thing.

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK.

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionized the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that meant a "square deal." "CLEMAK" Safety Razor sets are complete at Five Shillings. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stopping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber, with the first shave.—It's IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

"CLEMAK" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STOPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years. For those desirous of doing a shave with re-boning and re-sharpening, we will exchange seven sharp blades for seven dull ones and 10/-.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy our blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 8/6 per dozen, post free.

We will always exchange a dozen "old" blades for a dozen brand new ones at 2/6 a dozen post free. Send for free booklet.

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMENTS' RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.

Can be seen at
Clements' Razor
Depots

53, Strand (under Savoy Hotel),	127, High Holborn,
42, Old Broad Street,	41, Gracechurch Street,
29, Moorgate Street,	12, London Street, E.C.,
55, Fleet Street,	44, Queen Victoria Street

Every quality that makes for perfection in Shaving Soap is found in "Shavallo"—

a thick, close, creamy lather, quick to soften, slow to dry; a mildness that never irritates and a perfume that delights.

For comfort and speed in Shaving, no other Shaving Soap—British or Foreign—measures up to "Shavallo" in its special Ivorine Case—and "Shavallo" is British made.

Shavallo
THE IDEAL SHAVING SOAP

in Ivorine case, allowing direct application of soap to face, 1/- each. Ordinary cake in carton, 4d. each, of most Hair-dressers and Chemists.

Made by **JOHN KNIGHT, LTD.,**
SOAP MAKERS TO THE KING,
THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP WORKS, LONDON, E.

BULL'S EYES.

EXAMINATION PAPERS:—

State the exact difference between the word love, in relation to a tennis-court, a lonely-lane court, a breach of promise court, and the divorce court.

If a man puts his things up the spout, is this a sign that he is nearing the gutter?

State, if possible, what made the cowalip. Was she looking at the dandelion?

If a grievance needs re-dressing, is it wise to tell the naked truth?

When a poor soul goes after a place, why is he so often knocked down with a dab?

If a man hits his thumb with a hammer, what is the best word to assuage the pain?

Why are mugs so often in hot water?

State the origin of the word neat in relation to drink, and why so many drinkers are untidy.

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The Entente Cordiale is in no danger; Mr. Wolfe will not be stopped in his Channel swimming by the French Government. It was all a mistake of a local "Maire," who said he would try to keep the "wolf from the door."

One of the remarkable geniuses of the British Association alleges that blue is the natural colour of the human eye. Yet some wives can tell you of some husbands who will insist on making a hit with black.

A writer in *Men's Wear* says that Manchester men are ill-dressed. Manchester men swear it is untrue.

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A proposal is made that parents should insure their daughters so that they may have "dots" on reaching a marriageable age. "Dots" are all right, but the falling-off in the birth-rate will not be affected unless they carry one.

The L.C.C. have summoned a man for spitting in a public thoroughfare. He has no defence, and we should advise him to keep his mouth shut.

A Lincolnshire pea grower complains that he has received only £20 for 406 bags of peas sent to a London market. There may have been something the matter with the peas. On the other hand, perhaps it is the agent who hasn't adequately shelled out.

"Health Resorts at Home" is the title of an article in a medical paper. Quite so. If you enjoy a Spa, go to Bath.

According to Dr. Dixon, alcohol is constantly found in the bodies of testotal animals. To wit—but no matter. You cannot judge everybody by the blue ribbon he wears in his coat.

It is announced that many of Messrs. Cook's tourists who have booked for Tangier intend to seek Raisuli. If they have got any money they may find him.

The white elephant at the Paris Zoo is dead. Many offers of a successor have been received.

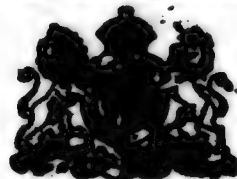
Drink and Enjoy

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The Finest the World can Produce.

Tea Merchants

GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS.



GOLD MEDAL,
ST. LOUIS.

By Special Appointment.

BUY FROM THE CROWERS.
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.
NO QUALITY EQUAL
TO LIPTON'S.

Direct from the Tea Gardens
to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most
famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates
in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

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A Lincolnshire pea grower complains that he has received only £20 for 406 bags of peas sent to a London market. There may have been something the matter with the peas. On the other hand, perhaps it is the agent who hasn't adequately shelled out.

"Health Resorts at Home" is the title of an article in a medical paper. Quite so. If you enjoy a Spa, go to Bath.

According to Dr. Dixon, alcohol is constantly found in the bodies of testotal animals. To wit—but no matter. You cannot judge everybody by the blue ribbon he wears in his coat.

It is announced that many of Messrs. Cook's tourists who have booked for Tangier intend to seek Raisuli. If they have got any money they may find him.

The white elephant at the Paris Zoo is dead. Many offers of a successor have been received.

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PARIS.**



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from the home all dust collected by carpets by using Li-nola.
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FIELDINGS,

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Bills discounted.

NO FEE.

What is Your Number?

It may mean Five Pounds for you.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1.

We read that "friends are the most precious assets of life." But so many forget the "t."

You can now obtain the *Weekly Illustrated* in black and white for a brown; we fear it will be somewhat yellow.

The *Church Times* informs us that "they can stand anything from the Prime Minister, except his simulation of paternal tenderness." Yet they wish him farther?

A headline reads:—"Telephone Errors. How To Speak." We always thought that the language over the wrong number was unprintable.

The grouse season began on the twelfth. The grouching season, for many, lasts all the year round.

The Mitcham authorities, in trying to prevent the fair, have evidently not found the process all lavender.

The Paris *Rappel* says that France is working for the benefit of Europe in Morocco. "But who will indemnify us?" it adds. Within reason, by all means let it help itself.

Lord Mayo has been seen taking a straw hat into the House of Lords. Another surprise. Most people thought the institution wasn't worth a straw.

"How to live to be a Hundred" is the headline in one of the sillier papers. The best way is to save your breath.

A weary Willie sentenced at the Thames police court the other day has been in the workhouse on 385 separate occasions since 1900. His favourite hymn is "Oh, what a joy to be there."

London County Council tram drivers want permission to smoke while at work. Don't see why they shouldn't. They have always been a good draw.

Paris *Figaro* says the Khedive will not visit England as intended. Sorry, but we shan't lose much. He's only half a Sovereign.

It is all very well to complain of the Belfast people making riots, but they scout the idea that only policemen are entitled to go on the beat.

A wealthy American woman is building in her £300,000 mansion a bathroom like a cave and a bath like a pink shell. Wonder if she is also fitting the cave with peep holes?

The London County Council majority are determined to get rid of the Thames fleet. They should have no trouble. It has always been rather a sell.

"Kaiser Wilhelm II. Pumped Dry." This poster startled London the other evening, but it only referred to the Atlantic liner.

The new decoration for society ladies is a golden halo, "Halo! halo! halo! a different fad again!"

A contemporary says an Essex labourer was recently shot in his bedroom. This may be a roundabout reference to his chest or trunk, but it is rather vague, any way.

Somebody advertises that they found two £10 notes on Epsom Grand Stand. Many tenners have been dropped there.

A crate of horse cakes from Holland, consigned to a Lewis-ham man, was found to contain over 400 cigars. The defence was that it was meant as a surprise. No doubt the horses would have agreed.

A woman complained recently of her husband:—"He went down on hands and knees and prayed God to strike his hands off if he struck me with them again. Since then he has been doing it with his head and feet." A striking testimony to the efficacy of prayer.

Dr. Drury, according to a contemporary, "will be the first Manxman to hold the Sodor and Man bishopric for five centuries." No wonder Mr. Asquith is shy of old age pensions!

General Booth says, "While I was in Japan I met a hospital patient who said, while he lay in his cot, he had converted thirteen patients, seven nurses, and half-a-dozen doctors." What a splendid journalist, politician, or Tariff Reform lecturer he would have made!

A man has died at Shoreditch from "free drinking." A warning to the man who forgets when his turn comes round.

We are not surprised to read:—"Sir William Ramsay changes one metal into another." Most of us can do that.

At Norwood a postman named Piper, a member of a religious sect known as "the Exclusive Brethren," has been charged with bigamy. Evidently the exclusion does not apply to the sisters.

"BOSS" CROKER.

(From an Irish Correspondent.)

ORBY NOT A "GONER."

Every lover of sport and of a good horse and a sporting owner will be glad to know that Orby is not a "goner." He has no diabetes, he does not blow, and his kidneys are all right. He suffers from a very simple ailment. A foreleg tendon got strained, that is all. It is a slow thing to heal, but although it is almost to rights again, "Boss" Croker has decided not to race the horse again this season. He is wise, albeit if Orby did enter for the St. Leger he might pull it off—at the cost of further trouble to the tendon, though, and the "Boss" will not risk that. He loves Orby as a properly-constituted father loves his first-born. He will take no risks with him, and he would rather lose half his fortune than ask the game horse to make an effort that would throw him into the hospital lines again. Good old Orby! I saw him the other day at Glencairn. He looked as fit as a fiddle, and as if nothing would please him better than to have that Derby fight all over again. Probably Mr. Croker made one mistake. In his enthusiasm he asked the animal to do too much. What with the train and boat travelling, and the running, Orby had too much to do without adequate rest, and it is little wonder that he became what we may call "tendon weary."

THE "BOSS" AT HOME.

Who envies the "Boss?" Don't all howl together. Mr. Croker has lots of money, and he spends it freely, much to the benefit of the beautiful but poor neighbourhood outside Dublin in which his really palatial residence stands. What a residence, too. It might almost challenge Windsor Castle. A huge granite erection, springing from the centre of which is a high, square tower surmounted by a tall flag-staff. A great rambling, delicious edifice with balconies all round it, an entrance hall that might well please a king, with a well-stocked library, a wealth of furniture chosen with most perfect taste, and walls covered with oil paintings that would pay Kaid Maclean's ransom twenty times over. Acres and acres of ornate grounds and glasshouses, and stables that would be a credit to Royalty, and motor-cars for all sorts of weather. The "Boss" knows his way about, and when he came back to his native country to anchor down he made no mistake, either in his district or in the matter of his dwelling, and how it should be furnished. He is no fool, as may be imagined, in the matter of dispensing doles. Let him know that a case is genuine, and it is ten to one the beggar gets a cheque. His mail-bag daily is full of applications for relief, and, unlike other owners of shekels, he reads them all and sorts them out, and acts as his wisdom directs. When Orby won the Derby whole cargoes of begging letters reached him, not from Ireland alone, but from all parts of the Kingdom. A big proportion of the applicants, to prove their *bona fides*, enclosed pawn-tickets, and begged the "Boss" to put up the wherewithal to take the goods down the spout! More than one Croker cheque found its way to the avuncular relative, and possibly enough a proportion of the goods released again repose in the safe or on the shelf, wrapped in tissue paper, or, in the coarse vulgar brown variety—for once a pal of your uncle always a pal of your uncle!

WISE CHARITY.

A last word about the "Boss." Every American arriving in Ireland must see him, and he gives up a wealth of time showing them round, and does it genially. Then he does not let his generous nature run riot. He does the thing wisely. He pays a doctor and a band of nurses to look after the poor of his district, and what wiser form of almsgiving could anybody desire? Is Mrs. Murphy about to produce an embryo recruit for the Dublin Fusiliers, or a colleen, whose eyes and tongue will tie some fellow up in the bonds of wedlock some day—if so, and if she lives within striking distance of Glencairn, up go the "Boss's" doctor and the "Boss's" nurse, and everything comes off well and without expense to the "happy pair." If little Tommy cuts his finger with the metal penknife he won in the small boy's race, or if his sister Nora falls down an embankment, the "Boss's" doctor is up, and, if necessary, the "Boss's" nurse follows. Some hard things are said about "Boss" Croker, as they will be said against every successful man so long as the world lasts and human nature is human nature; but you must not go within fifteen miles of Glencairn to say them. If you do, you will be tarred and feathered and ridden out of the village on a rail, surrounded by torchbearers and accompanied by every little boy who can hold a tin can and beat it.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of the "Globe.")

Their Turf Headquarters.

Alag is the Newmarket of Hungary.

Apt.

"Her jadyship" is the latest way of terming a wayward filly.

A Truer Disguise.

In India it is allowable to race under a nom de plume in initials.

Comparisons.

A good-looking horse is slangingly termed a real "West Ender."

Indefinable.

What difference is there really between gambling and insurance?

They Don't Pay.

The results are gradually proving how ill-founded prejudice is to certain horses, jockeys, or courses.

A Common Practice.

Notice how Irish horses are given names ending with "Town," such as Georgetown, Jigginstown, etc., etc.

Something in It!

What is the meaning of the South African racing rule that the introduction of intoxicating liquor into the jockey's room is strictly prohibited?

The "Bait."

The very liberal time-limits and unlimited amounts that one can have on at the smallest meetings are a great catch in the rules of the S.P. wrong 'uns.

Protects the "Books."

The Victorian Galloway Racing Club have passed a rule that every horse is a starter after having once left the enclosure and appeared on the course.

Expensive Formalities.

To ship a horse abroad is a terrible business—what with certificates to be obtained, declarations made, and affidavits sworn to!

A Great Monopoly.

Twenty-five years ago there were 120 race-courses in England. Now there are only 44, and 14 of these are around and dependent upon London.

Rarely a Bad 'Un.

Nearly everything that is carrying Mr. Reid Walker's colours this season is a black—mainly because they are by Dinna Forget.

A Hint to our Companies.

Some of the Victoria railroads have just started a new idea of refunding 50 per cent. of the fare for the conveyance of horses which actually start at a meeting.

"Home" Bred Clause Elastic.

One-third of all the races run in Holland are confined to Dutch-bred horses, reckoned even if the mare is served and bought in England, but foals in Holland.

To be Recognised.

It is said that although there may be detectives present in the rings on racecourses they are not known to those who would make complaints to them, and therefore I would suggest that all officials should be in uniform.

The Bookies' "Benefits."

The early nurseries of the year have claimed their customary huge entry. There have been a great many horses for the past few weeks "qualifying" for these races.

Winning Fees Only.

In South American racing the jockeys get private retainers, being engaged by the month, and they are not usually paid for losing rides. They, however, get 5 per cent. of all the stakes won, and trainers get 10 per cent. similarly out of each race, which is officially paid them by the Jockey Club. This is a most direct incentive to honesty and success!

A 'Varsity Training Centre.

Mr. H. S. Gray, who was one of the patrons of the late W. G. Stevens, now has his horses in the care of Mr. E. Sawrey-Cookson. They are being trained on the Gog-Magog Hills, near Cambridge, which Mr. Gray has bought from the Duke of Leeds, and which are better known as the course over which the 'Varsity Hare and Hounds run their races.

The Old Days.

Appropos of this week's Press and Jockeys cricket match at York, the jockeys and the sporting Press of the day played a game there 21 years ago, when the former team was composed of Mr. Robert I'Anson, Mr. Hugh Owen, Mr. C. E. (now Sir Charles) Hartopp, Lord Marcus Beresford, Mr.

Arthur Coventry, Mr. H. T. Barclay, Mr. Franklin, Joe Cannon, T. Jennings, and Arthur Nightingall. They scored 120, Mr. I'Anson making 49 and Tom Jennings 28, but were beaten on the first innings by the Press by 11 runs.

Hereditary Talent.

Ability in sport, particularly versatility, is unquestionably hereditary. Who for instance in jockeyship does not know the Brothers Cannon, Loates, Aylin, Griggs, Templeman, etc., etc.? In training racehorses it has been the same from father, or even grandfather, to son like the case of the Dawsons, Taylors, Waughs, or Nightingalls. In rowing the Brothers Nickalls stand out as prominently as do the Brothers Miller in polo, the Brothers Doherty, Baddeley, or Renshaw, in lawn tennis, the Farmers in Oxford 'Varsity hurdling, and, of course, the very numerous Fosters in racquets and Worcestershire cricket.

Commerce v. the Old Nobility.

Nowadays more patrician owners, such as the Duke of Portland and other nobles, may own a few horses to carry their colours, but they seldom come on to a racecourse themselves, leaving everything to their trainers. And by neither betting nor taking a personal interest do they subscribe in any sense as much to the Turf's maintenance or the true spirit of sporting instinct. In contrast, names so thoroughly well-known in the world of finance as the Rothschilds, Sir Ernest Cassel, the Joels, Barnatos, Paul Nelke, G. A. Prentice, J. D. Cohn, W. Raphael, and others innumerable, are all big dabblers in stocks and shares and financial matters, in fact. But for the "House" racing would fare badly, and bookmakers perhaps worse still in their search for clients, who are not afraid to put their money down upon a presumed "good thing."

Everyone has their "Days."

Not alone with jockeys, but with owners, and, in fact, with stables it is the same, for who would imagine that Gilpin, who last season claimed Pretty Polly, Galvani, and cracks of every denomination and age, has only won three paltry races this year, and he has run no end of horses—outsiders and favourites in turn. Even more emphatically, perhaps, as far as the public notice goes, has a vein of terrible ill-luck dogged his Majesty's colours; but whether he be prince or plebeian, no one can command success on the Turf whatever the street-corner man imagines of races being purposely "cut up" and arranged for the benefit of certain noble owners.

Prophetic.

With York practically over there is only the poor Gatwick card to suggest a success for the

TRUFFLE DE PERIGORD

in his engagement, and possibly SOLANO in Pats' Kite Handicap. Of course, EARLSTON will win to-day's (Thursday's) Great Yorkshire Stakes.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.

TRACE AND PERCY,

15, Jermyn-street, London, S.W.

NEW BOOK of RULES, containing the Fairest and most Comprehensive Terms of any reliable firm, now ready, and will be sent post free on application.

SYSTEMS and every description of TURF BUSINESS undertaken.

LARRY LYNX, in the "People," April 1, 1908, attributes our success to Straightforwardness and Accuracy.

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THE TURF CHRONICLE, containing latest market movements on all important races, sent free on receipt of address.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED on Starting Price Investments.

Bankers: — { England—London and Westminster Bank, London.
Scotland—Bank of Scotland, Glasgow.
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Postage 2½d. Postcards 1d.

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a long-priced double on the
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with a GUARANTEE OF PAYMENT if you win?

If so, write for our price-list THE TURF RECORD, which contains all the AUTUMN HANDICAP ENTRIES and will be sent free upon request.

ROBERT MASTERS CROOK & CO.
(Members of Tattersall's), FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Established over Half a Century.

I'M HERE TO DO BUSINESS,

not to "slang" my rivals. In half-a-dozen years I have established the second largest "ready money" betting business in Holland. I have done this by hard work, by honest dealings, by treating my clients fairly, and by making use of intelligent and up-to-date methods. These methods I employ now. Send for new and comprehensive booklet and price list, gratis and post free.

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Best Terms.

Particulars Free.

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ALDEN BROTHERS.

USUAL position in TATTERSALL'S and SMALL RING at GATWICK.

All Business conducted on the Course ONLY.

No Representatives and NO transactions by wire, 'phone, or letter.

TOPPING & SPINDLER,

Turf Commission Agents,

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THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM OF TURF COMMISSION AGENTS in the WORLD.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED ON STARTING PRICE OR ACCUMULATIONS AT STARTING PRICE.

A L LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—
TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.
Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

MERIT SELLS MY HAIR GROWER.



I HAVE THOUSANDS OF GOOD FRIENDS throughout the world. They have never seen me, and I have never seen them; but their gratitude for recovery of their hair has taken practical shape in the recommendation of one "friend to another."

IN THIS MANNER, and not by costly extravagant advertising, my well-known Hair Grower has obtained a truly large sale. It does not profess, like so many widely advertised preparations, to be an infallible specific; yet, faithfully used according to directions, it will in many cases of long-standing Baldness, Hair Falling Out, Bald Patches, and Lack of Hair, bring back the hair in plentiful quantity, where hair recovery would seem to be hopeless.

THIS FAMOUS FORMULA has been endorsed by many noted analytical experts in England, France, Germany, and America. Letters that are continually received show that in a few days after the first application new hair begins to grow, and continues until a healthy, strong permanent growth is manifest.

MINE SUCCEEDS WHERE ALL OTHERS FAIL.

I DO NOT ASK YOU TO BELIEVE this statement merely because I state it, but invite your perusal of the following letters, promiscuously selected from the hundreds of similar recommendatory letters which are constantly reaching me from all parts of the world, testifying to the remarkable benefits which have resulted from the use of my TRUE HAIR GROWER. I have omitted to print the full name and address for obvious reasons, but they ARE ALL GENUINE and open to the fullest investigation, and every letter can be shown and perused at my London office. TO EVERY THINKING PERSON THIS UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY MUST CARRY CONVICTION.

SOME REMARKABLE LETTERS.

HEAD COVERED WITH BALD PATCHES.

Penzance, Mr. Raabon.
DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done excellent work. My head was covered with bald patches, and the doctor told me that the hair would never grow again, but with using your true hair grower, no one can see where the patches have been. I am doing my best to recommend it to my friends.
Yours truly, W.J.

CAME OUT IN COMB.

Hartford.
DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to add my testimony to the value of your preparation. My wife was suffering for some time from a scurfy head and the hair came out in comb. All the remedies tried were of no avail, but seeing your advertisement decided to give your preparation a trial, and the effect has been marvellous. The hair has grown thick and strong with no falling off, and the scurf has completely disappeared.
Yours truly, A.E.

DONE WHAT OTHERS FAILED TO DO.

Hillington Road, Ramsgate.
DEAR SIR,—I am very pleased to tell you that your True Hair Grower has made my hair grow splendidly. It is the best, for it has done what other so-called hair restorers have failed to do.
Yours faithfully, E.H.

HAIR GROWN BEAUTIFULLY.

Bromburn, N.B.
DEAR SIR,—I had a spot on the side of my head which became quite bare. I tried various other hair preparations but with no result. I sent for a trial box of your pomade in a very sceptical mood. This box convinced me there was merit in your formula, and I sent for a larger box. Now I can gratefully tell you the hair has grown beautifully, and I will most gladly reply to any enquirers giving my experience of your True Hair Grower.
Yours very sincerely, R.S.

WAS COMPLETELY BALD.

Pring Street, Sydney.
DEAR SIR,—I lost my hair in the year 1878, and although I tried a good many preparations, yours is the only one that produced good results. I have used it for the past three months, and my head is now covered with hair. I have every faith in your wonderful hair grower, as I have proved it is good. Yours faithfully, J.D.

NOTHING ELSE DID GOOD.

Epsom Road, Guildford.
DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I have not written before to thank you for your preparation. I had tried everything but nothing did my hair any good until I got your True Hair Grower. I am telling all my friends about your compound, as I am only too pleased to have obtained success at last.
Yours faithfully, M.M.

HAIR NOW THICK AND CURLY.

Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.
DEAR SIR,—It is but just, I think, to let you know how successful your hair grower has been in my case. After being in India for many years my hair became quite thin and lifeless. I tried all sorts of stuff, but nothing did it any good until I got your preparation. It has made a great change indeed, and my hair is now full and curly, and as thick as ever it was.
Yours faithfully, J.F.P.

QUITE SATISFIED.

Eccleshall, Sheffield.
DEAR SIR,—I am pleased to say that your True Hair Grower has done my hair more good than anything I have ever tried. I am quite satisfied as to the results of using it, and will gladly recommend to all my friends.
Yours truly, J.D.

HAIR FALLING FOR 31 YEARS.

Lichfield, Staffs.
DEAR SIR,—I hardly know how to express my great thanks for the benefit I have received from your preparation. My hair had been falling out for three and a half years, and I had tried several other preparations but without the slightest sign of success. When first I saw your advertisement I put it down as a fake like the others, but I sent for a trial box and you can imagine my surprise and delight when after the sixth application I saw new hair appearing.—Wishing you every success,
Gratefully yours, J.P.P.

HAIR RAPIDLY COMING OFF IN PATCHES.



Fulham.
DEAR SIR,—Your letter to hand of last week. Please accept my apology for not writing before. I have much pleasure in stating that your preparation for the hair has proved very successful in my case. My hair was coming off in patches, but after applying your pomade it soon began to grow again, so that now nothing can be seen of the bald places, therefore I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to my friends.

If you care to use this as a testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so.
Yours truly, F. C.

FIRST BOX MADE THE HAIR GROW QUITE THICK

Eastbourne.
DEAR SIR,—Just a line in answer to your note to let you know why I've delayed in sending for the second box. I am pleased to be able to state that the first box started the hair growing quite thick, so I thought it quite unnecessary to have any more, but have decided on second thoughts to have the rest of the treatment as agreed. I shall be very pleased to recommend your hair grower to anyone on any further occasion.—With best wishes for your business,
Yours truly, J. SIMPKIN.



GREAT DISTRIBUTION OF LARGE TRIAL BOXES.

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and so that you can make a fair test, if you will write to me I will send you a LARGE TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

Expert Advice to Callers Free.

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 189, Craven House, OPPOSITE BRITISH MUSEUM, London.



BEECHAM'S PILLS

are unique in this : that they suit you, and everybody ; and cannot hurt anybody. It is important to have that perfect sense of security. They are Nature's remedy, innocent of harmful drugs, and compounded only of pure herbs. You are not always well ; few are. This is a remedy you may take, and feel safe. The weight of evidence is proof of this. Proof is what we have to go by. If we prove a thing to be incomparably good we know it is good. Several generations of other people have proved that when the system is jaded, the faculties clouded and unpleasant symptoms persistent, **BEECHAM'S PILLS** do just what it is hoped they will do, assist Nature to recover herself. That will give you confidence in proving the fact for yourself. Where you have a great body of opinion, each person saying practically that **BEECHAM'S PILLS** are the

BEST FOR ME

you must accept the universal verdict. The interested testimony of one here and there in a multitude, and no more, is inconclusive ; it is what the multitude does. Actions speak louder than words. Note particularly whether the multitude keeps a remedy on a near shelf, if ills come, to be ready for them. That is the real evidence. In many thousands of homes, here in England and across the seas, **BEECHAM'S PILLS** are esteemed as the one family medicine for those common ills, almost periodic in these days, arising from defective action of the liver, kidneys, and stomach. That is a habit which speaks very loud. You must judge on the facts, and test others' experience by your own. Therefore take **BEECHAM'S PILLS** yourself, and you will prove them to be the

BEST FOR YOU.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills.)

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